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## TWO SINNERS.<sup>1</sup>

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### CHAPTER IV.

THERE are no longer any hidden romantic spots in our Island. There is not a mountain glen among the northern hills that has not been skimmed through a thousand times ; there is not a quaint dovecot of a church hidden in a Sussex dean that has not been glanced at every day of the week by the motorist and his women-folk, as they go in search of that more congenial object of art—the picturesque village inn.

Is all this laying bare of old secrets the reason, or at least one of the reasons, why our love of poetry is dying ? Nothing is mysterious, nothing is left to the imagination. Everybody has seen everything, or at least everybody has hurried past everything ; and even the poor have seen the world—in their picture palaces.

If rapid physical movement has helped to kill the old romance, it has also created a sort of romance of its own—or rather an illusion of its own.

The mentally, the physically inert can now delude themselves into the notion that, by arriving here and there swiftly, they are making time of real value ; they seem to be actually doing something. In the case of Major Kames, however, who might have shown more mental energy if he had had less money, there was no case of self-deception when he moved about from place to place.

Behind the desire that he used to have for more or less superfluous movement was the conviction that life was probably a vicious circle, and that the slower you went the more you pandered to the false assumption that the human race was on some important high road and ought to go carefully. Possessing a certain power of artistic creation, a natural love of all the arts, of music, and poetry, Major Kames, in this rush of life, had left them uncultivated. If he

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played the piano and sang, it was because it was extremely easy to do so, and he found it gave enhanced value to the social side of life.

He had gone down to Brighton in December for a week because the ground was too hard for hunting, and he had stayed there two months on and off, much to his own amazement. But he had at last discovered his own motive. He meant to marry Maud Monckton—and he seemed to be on the eve of accomplishing his wish.

An experience of something like twenty years had impressed him with the fact that in the marriage market a very great deal of money will buy almost anything—titles—birth—beauty—talent—it will even buy *more* money; but one thing it cannot secure—it cannot secure fastidious culture and moral refinement, not merely because this is not to be found in markets of any kind, but because, even if found elsewhere, it is not amenable to economic laws; it has laws of its own, reasons that the reason knows not of. All the romance that can lurk in the heart of a man of thirty-nine, who, like Kames, has knocked about the world, was concentrated just now on one object. He wanted to marry, to settle down permanently, and to have as wife a woman of a different type from those he had met before, the type of which we have just spoken. It is not to be found nowadays in Society, which spells itself with a capital S, nor in the wealthy commercial circles with which they intermarry. This type of woman can be met with now and again in some quiet, unfashionable country-house, or some secluded suburban villa, where the master of the house is a scholar of leisure, neither wealthy nor poor, an aristocrat of the world of letters, educating those around him to appreciate what is rare and to reject what is vulgar.

Another point of importance with Kames was that his wife should not hunt; he was convinced that women were spoiling the hunting-field—they were either slackers or they pressed.

But Major Kames's choice of a wife was to depend on more than character and education. He had painted a portrait of her in his imagination. She must be as tall as possible, and rather thin. She must look over the heads of other women with an expression of unconscious superiority. She must be neither black nor yellow (his reasons were obvious), but she must have ropes of light brown hair and a fair, pale, healthy complexion, and she must not smile too often. In short, her personality, physical and mental, must be such as cannot be imitated by the actress or the foreigner.

Married life, he considered, had extraordinary natural drawbacks to it, but with a woman of whose presence he would constantly

be proud, and whom he could trust, it might be endurable ; it would at least be mysteriously charming and amazingly absurd—and he was no longer young.

Maud was as nearly a counterpart of that portrait as Kames was ever likely to meet. He pursued her with persistency and even with a certain amount of success. He found the chase interesting, for she was an unknown quantity to him—her mind was not constructed like his.

When Maud came down to breakfast on the morning following her engagement to Major Kames, her eyes caught in an instant three things—Ursula at the breakfast-table, a letter from Major Kames lying conspicuously on the table, Major Kames's flowers conspicuously in the middle of the table.

She had awakened that morning with a feeling of nervous fatigue, a sense of heaviness, which made it easier than she had expected to behave with a sort of weary diplomacy before her sisters when she met them that morning.

Now that her engagement to Major Kames was a fact, and known to be a fact, she must go through with it in a dignified manner. It was not necessary to pretend that she was in love with him—that would be an absurd lie ; and she must not allow anyone—not even Ursula—to say, even to hint, that ' being in love ' is necessary to the success of an engagement.

If she broke off the engagement herself, she would do it properly—with decorum—on the plea, not that it was a mistake from the beginning, but that it had turned out to be a mistake.

Maud bent down as she passed her sister's chair and kissed her, saying tenderly ' Darling Ursula,' but she did not look to see if the emotion of last night was still reddening her sister's eyelids. She looked resolutely at her plate, and took up Major Kames's letter boldly and tore it open, as if she was accustomed to receive letters from him.

If only Stella had been down in time for breakfast, the situation would have been less strained, but Stella never was in time for anything.

Maud read through her letter twice, while Ursula wrestled with the coffee-pot and the hot milk.

' Major Kames,' said Maud in a rather hard voice, ' wants to come here this morning to see you. He wants to take me out somewhere to lunch. Is that all right, Ursula ? '

Maud had tightened up all her nerves, and turned her face to her sister and smiled. When she saw that Ursula was holding out

to her a cup of coffee with a hand that had a tremor in it, then, for a moment, she wanted to burst out crying; but she steeled herself resolutely and frowned, dropping her eyes and raising her eyebrows in a manner common to her when she was determined upon some action.

'You will want to go out with him,' said Ursula. The remark was neither a question nor a positive statement—it lay between the two; it came from a heart that was full of distress, full of surprise, and yet carefully trying to repress both.

'He will be here about eleven o'clock,' said Maud evasively. Then she looked out of the window at the sea. It was a brilliant morning—almost as brilliant as the previous day had been. The sea was full of moving blue and white, which seemed to glitter backwards and forwards just as if some rich silk shot with blue and white was shifted to and fro to catch the light, first one way, then the other.

'I want to go out directly,' said Maud. 'I feel as if I needed some exercise. I have a slight headache, and motoring is no good for that. Can I do anything for you, Ursula?' and then, answering Ursula's anxious eyes, she added, 'It's nothing, only I must get out of doors. Can't I do your shopping for you?'

Maud felt that she was successfully enveloping herself with an impenetrable cover, behind which she could endure her own troubles in secret, and all this without behaving to Ursula in any improper manner or ceasing to be affectionate to her. If she could go out alone, till Major Kames came, and got over his first meeting with Ursula and Stella as their future brother-in-law, then—well, then—then would come an interminable number of *tête-à-têtes* with Major Kames. Suppose she found them unpleasant—perhaps humiliating! She ate her breakfast without being aware of what she was eating, and as soon as she excusably could, she got up.

Her sister's silence was both painful and yet a relief. It was impossible to talk of other things, just now, and yet any talk about the engagement was equally impossible. Just as Maud rose from her chair, Stella came into the room. Last night she had looked like a goddess; this morning, for the privacy of her own family, she was a very good-looking, untidy girl; her blouse was crookedly pinned at the back, she had forgotten to put on her waistbelt; on the other hand, she had two pocket-handkerchiefs with her and a book that she had no intention of reading.

'You rushed off to bed last night so that we couldn't congratulate you, old girl,' she called out to Maud as she came in. 'All the



time I was with Aunt Dorothy I expected the news—but it didn't come.' Stella spoke with a smile that made her dimples deepen.

'I was only engaged yesterday,' said Maud, walking to the door as quickly as she could with dignity. 'I could not tell you of it before because it had not occurred. Major Kames is coming here at eleven to see Ursula and you—and—me! I don't know anything about engagements, but I suppose they have to be announced.'

The swift colour deepened in Stella's face, but she still smiled.

'I'm most awfully sorry I shan't see him this morning,' she said, sitting down at the table, 'but I've promised to golf this morning at ten o'clock. I suppose I'm late; I must buck up. Please give him all the proper sort of messages and all that—and—'

'I will,' said Maud, and she closed the door, shutting out Stella's flushed cheeks and Ursula's back, only too expressive—slightly bowed—patient—unhappy.

Maud did know very little about engagements, but she was sure that usually they were occasions of great rejoicing and much family discussion. How different was hers! She might almost have committed a crime and announced it! She walked dismally up to her room. Wasn't it rather hard that she should begin her new life as a culprit? What had she done to deserve such treatment?

She went out on to the parade, towards Rottingdean, hurrying and trying not to think; breathing the keen cold air into her lungs, and looking with wide-open eyes at the blue sky and the sea as if the purity and brilliance of the morning could restore her peace of mind.

At eleven o'clock punctually, Ursula was in their sitting-room waiting. Maud had only just returned from her walk, and had run upstairs to her room. There was already the sound of a motor snorting at the door. Major Kames had come. Ursula was walking about nervously.

'That's right, Maud,' she said, as her sister walked in. 'I was afraid you——' There she stopped, for the girl's face was terribly pale.

Ursula seized her sister's hands. 'Maud!' The question 'Do you love him?' she dared not add—Maud's eyes forbade it.

'It's all right, dear, all right!' said Maud rather proudly, but not without some tenderness in her voice, as she took her hands away from Ursula's grasp, and, after kissing her affectionately, walked away with a high independent air. Kames's step was on the stairs—a very different step from the youthful spring of George Broughton.

Kames had not waited for the maid to announce him. He knocked at the door, opened it, and walked in.

He was a little flushed over and above his tanned complexion. He bowed to Ursula and then walked straight up to Maud, took her hand, and, bending down, kissed it. When he raised his head he stared at her and the flush died away. So his engagement was of importance to him, an emotional crisis in his life! He was putting his life into the hands of this tall pale girl, who looked at him with veiled criticism and yet did not realise how much it all meant—to him. She was thinking of herself only.

'Miss Monckton, Ursula, please congratulate us,' he said, turning to Ursula, and he grasped her hands, holding them tightly in his own till she responded.

'You are much to be congratulated,' said Ursula, stammering a little.

He released her hands, and the ceremony was over. He did not seem to have noticed Stella's absence—at least he made no comment.

The ceremony was over, and Kames had behaved in a very proper manner; he had not been objectionably hearty, nor hilarious, and the conversation that followed, though jerky and rather lame on their side, was made up for by volubility on his.

'There are any amount of things to talk over,' he was soon saying. 'And I want to take you all over to see Orpenden House. I am impatient for you to see—your future home—Ursula, you must see it—but this morning I want to take Maud off with me. I want to flaunt her before the world as belonging to me.'

Maud and Ursula looked, not at each other, but at the top button of Major Kames's waistcoat.

'Eh?' he insisted.

'Of course,' said Ursula; 'I'm sure Maud will go; it's not windy.'

'It's not at all windy,' said Maud. 'Have you got the putty-coloured motor or the green and purple?' She was trying to speak chaffingly, and she waited for his answer with a smile upon her lips.

'Green and purple,' he replied. 'Why?'

'On this lovely morning,' said Maud, 'a closed motor is simply impossible. You can send the man back for the other, can't you?'

Kames's face showed some disappointment. 'I can, of course, if you wish it.'

'Please,' said Maud. 'I can put on warm things, and you can send for another coat.'

So determined was she that she had moved to the bell and had put out her hand to ring it.

'Don't ring,' said Kames; 'I'll go and tell the man myself if you really make a point of going in the other one.' He looked at her; she bent her head emphatically.

'Really,' she said.

He was not pleased, but he submitted and went downstairs.

Rather than meet Ursula's eyes, Maud walked to the window and looked out, making believe to be very busy watching Major Kames speak to the chauffeur and seeing the car slide swiftly off.

'I've begun early—eh, Ursula,' said Kames, returning rather breathless. 'Please make a note of this: Maud's had her own way from the very start. Don't you think I promise to make a good husband—eh?'

Maud turned away from the window.

'Do you want me to get ready? Perhaps I had better. What a glorious day it is!'

'But it gets icily cold in the afternoon. Maud, you haven't settled with Major Kames when you are to come back. Don't let it be very late in the afternoon, in an open car.'

'Major Kames!' Kames stood erect at the door with a look of mock wrath on his face. 'Major Kames! Maud, don't go till this insult is apologised for.'

'Lionel,' said Ursula, laughing a little. 'It's difficult to make a sudden change in the way of addressing people! Lionel!'

'I don't find it difficult,' said Kames, opening the door. 'Maud comes easily—Maud, Maud, Maud! There's positively nothing to learn in it, and Ursula follows as a matter of course—both fine names—as names go.'

Maud fled upstairs to her room, feeling as she mounted each step that she was moving swiftly in a dream, a strange dream, out of which Major Kames might suddenly step, and leave her to go on dreaming of something else. Instead of dressing at once, she moved about her room in a blind way, holding her hands before her eyes. Must she dress? Had she to pretend that this dream was real, and to follow it out in the details that presented themselves to her.

She pulled a bonnet out of a drawer and put it on. It was of dark brown silk, with a frill; a pink rose was on one side. It suited her admirably; the pink rose was illuminating.

Maud looked at her own image in the glass, and drew a long and profound sigh.

She tied a brown veil over her face, and this only added to the illusive charm of her appearance.

'How hopeless!' she found herself saying aloud.

She went to a cupboard and pulled out a thick coat with a fur collar, a coat that Ursula had given her at Christmas, and for which she had saved previously.

Then Maud looked for a pair of thick gloves.

She found them in a moment, in a certain corner of another drawer. Her room was a pattern of neatness—of more than mere neatness; for in spite of the obvious poverty of the owner, there was a profusion of books—books that must have cost money—carefully selected and carefully kept.

Whatever Maud did, she did well. She and Ursula had more than the usual woman's share of mental vitality, and it overflowed into the routine of every day, making them do little things in a grand manner.

She left her room very slowly, and went downstairs one step at a time, as if she was walking to meet some fate that she dreaded.

She glanced at the sitting-room door. She could hear Ursula's voice and then Kames's—deep in conversation. She opened the door and saw an amazing sight.

Ursula was on the couch with Major Kames beside her. Ursula's thin angular figure was bolt upright—all bony structure, so to speak, and, considering its stiffness and power of resistance, wonderfully amenable to the persuasive arm that Kames had put round her, while he emphasised his words with his other hand and extended emphatic forefinger, wagging it under her very nose. Ursula's face was a little flushed, but it was smiling.

No man but Kames would have dared, would have cared, to treat Ursula in this fashion. She had expected to be treated with the respectful indifference, or with that secret enmity veneered by exasperating politeness, that is meted out to the unavoidable chaperon; but Kames was arguing with her as if she was—well, a human being like himself—and for whom he cared.

'Ursula and I are agreeing on every point,' called out Kames in a hearty voice. In some things, Kames was an expert! Ursula was already on his side; Maud could see that by the tone in which she was now pronouncing his name—'Lionel'—and the way she looked at him; there was already between them a cordial understanding, a mutual regard.

## CHAPTER V.

EVERYTHING that met Maud's eye that morning seemed vaguely disappointing, strangely faulty. The joy that was in the frosty air and fine vaporous sunshine, the gaiety of sparkling icy particles on hedgerows, on the roadside, was gone. The earth had clothed herself with a mantle of pure matter-of-fact. Every lane, every thatched cottage, suggested money or the want of it—contemptible money, money which the soul despises, and the mind searches for passionately.

Maud was, now, wealthy—at least wealth was hers if she put out her hands to grasp it—yes, if she had the courage to grasp it.

To Kames's remarks she replied with the proper amount of yes and no, and smiles and laughter, that she considered necessary to the occasion. A great artist in words, a scientist, whom some believe to be a great philosopher, has called laughter an expression of human vanity.

In his consideration of laughter he omits one kind—one peculiar to civilisation—a hard shrill noise, which is more or less competitive, like the crowing of cocks, and which is called, nevertheless, laughter by those who make it. It is meant to signify successful gaiety, and the sound strikes the passer-by with a dismal world-weariness.

He also omits the laughter of tragedy—when some overpowering fear, fear of the death of a beloved one, is suddenly relieved by the presence of the beloved, and laughter, like a bird escaped, trembles and floats in an access of joy.

But Maud's laughter was not laughter at all, it was consciously due to an effort of will, in order to avoid the more difficult effort—talk with some one whom one does not understand and who is sitting too near. How long the drive seemed! They went some forty miles only, just straight inland and then along the northern edge of the Downs and finally to the sea again, reaching Brighton about one o'clock. The sea was now no longer perfectly smooth, the brilliancy of blue and white had faded. There was less blue and more white; a grey hue was stealing into it. The air was less frosty; there was the coming of wind and of thaw already in the air.

The car drew up at a large white hotel facing the sea.

'We can get our lunch here,' said Kames. He stamped his feet on the pavement and then helped Maud to alight.

'Not a bad place this for lunch,' he remarked, as he led the way through a pretentious portal. Maud saw no particular quality in the hotel: it was the sort of place that rich business people would motor down to from London, in order to feed. The dining-room was large, full of small tables, though very few had occupants. Kames ordered a lunch *à la carte*, which irritated Maud.

'I have no particular preference for anything,' she said hurriedly; 'please don't order any weird sort of things for me, because I never take anything but coffee and bread and butter in the middle of the day.'

This was not strictly true; but Maud's mood exaggerated the brilliant austerity of her own taste in order to throw his into deeper shadow.

There was nothing in his way of life that she admired, and yet she intended sharing it with him, retaining, however, the right to grumble at it. This seemed to be the bald fact.

'Rubbish!' said Kames, giving his orders.

She took off her veil and gloves and seated herself at the table, and sat looking as if nothing was really good enough for her. This expression was exactly what Kames admired. He had seated himself opposite her, and now he threw himself back in his chair and laughed.

'By Jove!' he said, staring at her, 'you look as if you meant business.'

Maud raised her eyebrows.

'What do you mean? Do you mean that I look hungry or greedy?'

'I mean that you look—splendid,' said Kames; 'you put a hoity-toity little bonnet on like that, and then you go and tell me that you don't know what I mean. Well, I mean anything you like, whatever you approve of, or will make you smile.'

'Thanks,' said Maud, with a faint smile.

'Without any flattery, Maud,' said Kames, leaning forwards and putting his arms on the table; 'sitting like that, so that one can't see your skirts, you look the very picture of a pretty, smart, clever Early Victorian, and nothing can beat that, nothing, by—all the gods of Egypt!'

'Why of Egypt?' questioned Maud.

'Why!' said Kames, trying to think. 'Well, because, bless 'em, there's such a lot of 'em, and they're such rum-looking chaps.'

'Thanks,' said Maud.



'Eh?' he demanded. 'Oh, I see; I've put my foot into it—ought to have sworn by a glass chandelier or a steel fender and fire-irons. But it's the way you move that I admire most—I've been longing to tell you that for two months,' he continued, speaking now in a loud whisper; 'you're different from any girl I've ever seen, this style exclusive. You're an enigma, a riddle.'

'Of the Sphinx, I suppose?' said Maud, trying to look cheerfully across at him.

'No!' burst out Kames. He uttered the exclamation in a tone of suppressed thunder, that made the few scattered people in the room turn and glance at the pair. 'That I suspected long ago.'

'And what is it?' demanded Maud, with a temporary flash of real interest.

'What is it?' he said. 'Well, I've come at it by years of meditation, up and down Europe and the other side of the Atlantic. It's not an original idea, but it's true, I'm afraid.'

'And what is it?'

Kames repeated the words in a slow, soft voice:

'And the end is—silence.'

Maud's eyes fell. She shrugged her shoulders.

'That's why we kick up such a devil of a noise while we can,' said Kames, taking up the wine list and looking down a page; 'you'll take some champagne—they keep quite decent stuff here?'

'No, thanks,' said Maud.

What would be the use of discussing with him a serious subject like 'The End?' Although she had talked about 'The End' in much the same manner herself, now that she heard it pronounced in a cocksure manner by Major Kames she found it crude and a little absurd. That Evolution should have toiled a million years in order to bring to the birth—Major Kames, just as he was, sitting there opposite to her, seemed to Maud an insufficient motive—there ought to be something more at the back of it; why, even Major Kames, not puffed out like the flame of the candle, but improved—into a saintly spirit—would be less foolish.

Was he content with his theory that he was going to be puffed out? Apparently he was; but then he probably thought that some considerable time would elapse before that event; he did not realise the force of the saying: 'Majus et minus non variant speciem.' But Maud's thoughts were suddenly disturbed from this argument, for a waiter was bringing dishes to them. 'I hope,' she said, 'that you don't want me to eat a huge lunch?'

'Champagne,' said Kames, as if he had not heard.

'I said no champagne, thanks,' Maud repeated. 'I never drink wine at home.'

'Pommery sec,' said Kames.

'I can't imagine anything more absurd,' said Maud, 'than allowing oneself to be "treated" to champagne.'

'See page three hundred and three,' said Kames, 'in completed works of Cock-a-lorum—with an introduction by the Bishop of London! Waiter, bring some Apollinaris for this lady, and give me a whiskey and soda.'

Maud heaved a fluttering sigh, and began to eat the *hors d'œuvre* in front of her.

If only the man sitting opposite to her was not Major Kames, who was content that Evolution should have produced him just as he was—ripe for being puffed out! If only he was—some one else, some one who had a belief, even though it was an erroneous belief, in our spiritual nature, or at least a hope that some 'purpose' lies behind this universe of sight and touch and some future beyond it! With a sudden and strange pang at her heart, she remembered Broughton's face, the way he looked, under his straight brows, as if searching for something. And he loved Stella! Stella of all people! Imagine Stella 'helping' any man; imagine her looking after him! Would she even *feed* him properly when he came in tired from his work? Stella—Stella, who was never aware of what anybody round her was feeling or wanting, who never saw if one was tired, or ill, or dull, or unhappy! What was Stella thinking of all the time? Was she picturing herself singing before a huge audience, hearing the slow rolling thunder of applause, seeing the raised faces and receiving a cheque of two or three hundred pounds and compliments from the Manager?

Maud felt more than ever unhappy and irritable.

Kames had been watching her all the time that he was busy eating.

'That's right,' he said; 'put your teeth firmly into that olive, it'll give you no end of moral strength.'

Maud half laughed—but she also frowned. Now that he was her accepted lover, his remarks had become very personal—that was not good taste on his part—but perhaps she ought to have anticipated it.

A waiter at the far end of the room drew a cork with great expertness, making it ring with a deep, mellow, vibrating note, as if the very soul of wine had suddenly spoken a word.

'That's a jolly good sound,' said Kames, turning his glass round and then lifting it to his lips.

'I thought you were musical,' said Maud. The words were out of her lips before she could repress them.

'It isn't a pure note, of course, but it's a good one,' said Kames.

'It was rather splendid,' said Maud, beginning to be alarmed at her new-found capacity for rudeness.

'Yes, I am musical, in a way,' said Kames; 'I don't pretend to deny it.'

'I should never have guessed you were,' said Maud blandly, 'if I hadn't heard you play. You don't look like a musician—you are too well dressed.'

She was thankful to be able to say something complimentary which was true.

'No lover of art ought to be anything but well dressed,' said Kames; 'the Greeks knew that—they knew better than to represent Apollo with his hair matted and his boots laced up crooked. When that great god of all the arts started for Parnassus, lyre in hand, just to show 'em how to do it, he wore a special robe, flowing from neck to heels, and his hair tied up in a knot, for all the world like a sublime female.'

Here Kames came to a sudden stop.

'Well, go on about Apollo,' said Maud. 'You're becoming interesting.'

'I've finished,' said Kames; 'I don't get inspired for long at a time.'

He certainly did not. The rest of the meal was mostly taken up with remarks of a purely personal nature which she tried to parry. Did he know that he was boring her? She rather suspected that he did know it, but that he meant to take the reins into his own hand, that it was a conflict of wills, and that he was testing his own strength—in view of the future.

After lunch Kames insisted on going to the lounge, and chose a secluded corner, where they had coffee and he smoked. He chaffed her a good deal about not smoking herself, and then owned that he was glad that she didn't smoke and that she didn't sing.

This implied a distinct criticism of Stella—and Maud objected to it. She began to defend smoking and singing, and argued that both were as suitable for women as for men.

'Women don't know how to sing, and never will,' said Kames dogmatically. 'Their singing means nothing—no more than the

birds.' But the odd thing is that they can act—why, heaven only knows.'

Maud did not agree—she longed to leave him and all his ideas and his heavy lunches and everything. Except—alas, alas!—his wealth—and this was the first day of their engagement!

Fancy years and years of it! Wouldn't it be far better, far happier, to be poor.

Kames waited till he had seen the two or three men who were smoking leave the lounge and go out of doors.

Then he suddenly took hold of Maud's hands and drew her irresistibly to him on the seat.

'You forget that you're smoking,' said Maud, with a haughty exasperation.

He released one of her hands and threw his cigar down.

'You'll have to take me just as I am, smoke and all,' he said.

'You're too self-indulgent,' she murmured, feebly resisting.

'I'm strong—so I am strongly self-indulgent. I'm strong, and I'm not at all merciful.'

Then putting his arms round her, he drew her close, whispering,

'Now scold, scold, scold—if you can.'

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Major Kames left the Moncktons' lodgings late that afternoon, he was in his most buoyant mood, for Maud had, after all, been less difficult than he had anticipated. He had trusted in the last resort—to a certain force in his personality—and it had proved successful. Besides, it was arranged that he was to take her and Ursula and Stella—if she would go—to see Orpenden to-morrow. That looked like business. They were to stay the night at Orpenden—and they were to return the next morning to Brighton, while he went to town to choose a ring for Maud. Things were going briskly. The air of the Moncktons' sitting-room seemed to go on vibrating with Kames's presence after he had left. Some men—and women—seem to belong to the physical world in that vital conciliation; those who find them congenial breathe in strength from their atmosphere—those who are out of sympathy are exhausted by it.

Maud was exhausted. Ursula found strength.

'You haven't thought of writing to tell Aunt Dorothy yet?' asked Ursula, after a long silence that followed Kames's exit.

'No,' said Maud, looking up with a startled air.

'She will be offended, Maud, if she sees it first in the papers.'

Would Lionel have already sent the announcement to the papers? Maud had never thought of that possibility. It made the engagement seem terribly real!

'I think I should write to her at once,' said Ursula. 'You see she is positively our only near relative—all we have.'

'I will write,' said Maud, and she sat still, with her hands idle on her lap, looking at nothing.

'What was it, Ursula?' she said suddenly, 'that you and Lionel were discussing on the sofa, before we went out this morning?'

'The future,' said Ursula.

'Oh!' said Maud, and her heart gave a curious jump. She rose and took a fan from the mantelpiece and spread it out before her face. 'What about the future?' she asked.

'About my coming to you a great deal—at Orpenden—after your marriage,' said Ursula. 'He is full of generosity.'

'Of course,' said Maud quickly; 'anything else would be absurd.'

'Men are not always as kind to a prospective sister-in law,' said Ursula. Ursula sighed, and then broke the sigh off in the middle. It was too late. Maud heard it.

'Lionel is kind—of course,' said Maud. What about that little house with the palings in front and the euonymus bushes behind? Was Ursula thinking of that still? She would have to live alone in it—a life of solitude, broken by visits to Orpenden. That is—if the engagement was not broken off. For a moment Maud had wondered whether Aunt Dorothy might ask Ursula to live with her; but that gleam of hope hardly lasted as long as the question took to frame itself in Maud's mind. Aunt Dorothy had always avoided having Ursula to stay with her. She had been even ingenious in inventing reasons why Ursula could not come, or, if she came, why she couldn't stay. Aunt Dorothy had slipped out of the stream of social life since her husband's death, partly because she had no art of entertaining and partly because she had no money to spend on entertaining—partly because nobody could stand her dog, and she and her dog were inseparable. When Maud or Stella visited her, people came—at least a few people; when Ursula visited Brown Street, people didn't come. This fact had impressed itself

upon Aunt Dorothy's not very intelligent mind. So there was little probability of a permanent invitation for Ursula.

Maud could glance at Ursula askance from her fan. Ursula was sitting in her usual manner, very upright, her face composed, her iron-grey hair arranged with almost elaborate care. She had spoken all that afternoon calmly and cheerfully, without betraying one sign of self-consciousness. The distress that had been in her eyes last night, and the quiet sadness of this morning, had gone. That one sigh had been checked peremptorily.

Maud was sure that she knew what had wrought this peace in Ursula's mind. Her sister had been praying and had found strength to put aside thoughts and fears about herself, and she had put Maud and Maud's affairs, as the expression goes—into the hands of God!

The artless pathos of it wrung Maud's heart. What were all the consolations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, compared with this vision of a Divine Father, to Whom all His children are of supreme consequence? If only she could have that vision!

Maud got up hurriedly from her chair, and, seizing a footstool, placed it at Ursula's feet. Then she sat down upon it like a child and laid her cheek on those faithful knees. Ursula did not speak, but she laid a caressing hand on the thick brown hair, and the two sisters kept a great silence, while the clock on the mantelpiece ticked fretfully. The silence was only broken by the sound of Stella opening the door and slamming it behind her. They could hear her run upstairs. She came into the room gustily.

'Hullo, old girl!' she called out with a tone of breezy surprise, as if she had been at home all day and Maud had suddenly returned. 'So you're back at last!'

'It's you who are back,' said Maud, raising her head.

'I was in to lunch,' said Stella airily. 'Had a good day?' she questioned as she laid her golf clubs on the table.

'Very!' said Maud.

'Did you tell him how vexed I was not to have seen him?'

'I said everything I ought to have said,' replied Maud. 'At least, I believe I forgot—but of course he understood.'

Stella was wearing a dark-blue golf coat and skirt and a blue cap. She looked so handsome and so full of material prosperity that Maud secretly wondered why Lionel had not instinctively preferred her. Stella's want of method would not have mattered to a very wealthy man—it would matter to a poor man! Stella would never alter. The artistic temperament, whether it goes



with ability or without ability, is essentially a solemn temperament—it takes itself seriously. Its own proportions seem gigantic to itself.

‘Can you come to Orpenden with us to-morrow?’ asked Ursula gently. ‘We shall stay the night there—and come back early the next day.’

Maud looked hard at the carpet. How splendid Ursula was—how loyal, how protecting!

Stella’s blue eyes looked hard and brilliant. She laughed. ‘You’re not losing any time; yes, I’ll come with you—if there’s room. When you’re married, Maud, you’ll have to give dances on my account. I shall expect a lot from you—when you’re wealthy. Keep your mind easy on that score,’ and she walked towards the door, leaving her clubs on the table.

‘Your clubs, Stella,’ said Ursula.

Stella came back and took them up. ‘I was only joking, Maud, of course. The only thing I care for in the world is to be personally distinguished—by my own brains—or’—and here she looked down at Maud with an odd expression—‘to help some one else to become distinguished.’

Stella felt the righteousness of her attitude very keenly as she went out of the room, clattering her golf clubs. It would do Maud good to be reminded that, though she was marrying a wealthy person, she was not marrying a distinguished person. George Broughton had more distinction in his little finger than Major Kames had in his whole person; besides—George was a gentleman.

Stella was not sure whether she had made a mistake in promising to go to Orpenden. She was full of a keen curiosity to see Orpenden—Orpenden, that she might have had herself, if she had made the least effort! Her own future home would be very different; and here Stella’s thought sped ahead into the future. She became speculative. How far would it be possible to utilise Aunt Dorothy and Aunt Dorothy’s house? She imagined herself living in a very charming though small flat in town, but giving her parties at Brown Street.

‘Lady Dorothy Broughton and Mrs. George Broughton At Home.’

She would do all the arranging and all the inviting, most ably and economically—and Aunt Dorothy would pay. Luncheons cost very little if you only bring brains to the aid of them. If you have something very distinctive—the sort of thing the artistic

inspiration hits upon by instinct—that answers far better than mere vulgar excess of things that any shop could provide you with.

Stella looked round her own bedroom. The toilet-table was heaped with a tangled mess of articles and dirty hair-brushes. On the mantelpiece were dismal bottles, some nearly empty, some half full. The necks of one or two were coated with a sort of fur or moss; it was difficult for the unscientific mind to decide whether it was animal or vegetable. Two drawers of a small chest-of-drawers were crammed to bursting while the bottom drawer was empty. The wardrobe door was never closed, because it is easier to leave a door open than to shut it, and the many articles of clothing hanging from the hooks within swelled out to a gigantic size and also trailed over the threshold on to the floor. Every chair was piled with Stella's possessions. Cardboard boxes protruded from under the bed. On the bed was scattered everything that Stella had worn yesterday, and she flung her golf clubs on the top of them because it was easier (at the moment) to keep them upstairs than to go out of her way to take them downstairs and put them on their proper hook in the hall.

Looking round her bedroom now, as she flung off her cap and coat, she pictured to herself the delightful room she meant to have in the future, when she was her own mistress and could take matters really into her own hands and not be at the mercy of lodging-house keepers, and the rather provoking red-tapiness of Ursula. In perfect freedom is perfect beauty, said Stella to herself. She would have pink curtains. Orpenden would be larger, but nothing like so truly artistic.

So possessed was Stella's mind with her own gilded dreams, that she met Major Kames on the following morning without that sensation of 'shock' that she had dreaded and from which she had shrunk the day before. She found herself able to meet his first greeting almost calmly. She had her future before her—waiting for her—all in good time. She did not even grumble because she had to sit the wrong way, side by side with Lionel Kames, in the landaulet. After all, it was better sitting like that than if she had sat facing him and seeing his eyes fixed on Maud all the time. Even if you have given up some man you rather liked, it is a little painful to see him make love to some one else. She was in such good spirits that she even chaffed Kames for possessing a large house, when women like themselves were living in a hut. She said that she was certain Maud would degenerate—she saw signs of it

already. In fact she made much cheerful talk as they sped along high roads on their way to Orpenden.

But when at last, after seventy miles lay behind them in the dim grey distance, they passed through a little unspoiled Surrey village and slowed at some massive iron gates, she became silent. The Moncktons had once lived in a house like this ; but that was a hundred years ago—and no member of the family had had the energy or the ability to win back the lost heirloom. It was now in the possession of a noble brewer.

The car rolled smoothly up a long avenue of chestnuts and stood before a fine Elizabethan house, restored, but not spoiled ; a dignified place, full of memories—none concerned with the family of Kames !

The ludicrousness of the situation struck Maud irresistibly. She glanced at Stella—at Ursula. Both looked solemn.

'Welcome !' said Kames, who got out of the car with joyful alacrity. His eyes searched for Maud's, though he presented his hand to Ursula.

Maud laughed.

'Is it good enough for you ?' whispered Kames, following her closely up the shallow flight of steps.

'Oh, much too good,' she said, smiling very much.

They entered the great hall, solemn and dusky in that February afternoon. Up in the gallery the silent portraits peered over at the intruders. There was still a glint of colour in the emblazoned arms in the great mullioned windows, while below, on the hearth, a fierce red fire threw a lurid tint over the rugs and over the polished floor.

'Are there any ghosts here ?' asked Maud.

'Lots of 'em,' said Kames.

'The spiritual failures, I suppose,' said Maud ; 'members of the old stock who haven't succeeded in stepping properly into the next world and are hanging on the threshold, not quite human, yet not quite spirit—still interested in Orpenden.'

'Just as you like,' said Kames. 'I'm not particular. Are you ready for tea, Ursula ?'

Tea was spread on a round table within the glow of the fire.

Perhaps it was Stella's badly concealed envy that gradually turned Maud's amusement into a sort of condescending appreciation.

Orpenden was as beautiful a house as Maud had ever seen—and Lionel did not praise it, nor did he tell them the price of anything,

nor make any exasperating remarks. It was evident that the servants were fond of him. Even Stella observed this reluctantly.

'Ursula,' whispered Maud to her sister as they wandered upstairs through the great bedrooms, 'if this is to be my home it must be yours, too. I wouldn't be here under any other condition.'

Ursula shook her head, though she pressed her sister's arm tenderly. 'Oh, no, dear, married people should never be burdened with an intruder!'

'Intruder!' How little Ursula understood! Why, Maud would be thankful for an intruder.

'I couldn't possibly live here,' said Maud, no longer in a whisper, but in a very low voice, 'unless you are constantly here too.'

After dinner, in the drawing-room, Stella made her way straight to the piano and opened it. Then she examined all the music till Kames came in.

'Are you waiting for an accompaniment?' he asked amicably, and he seated himself at it. Stella's dimples deepened with satisfaction. Maud had only once heard Kames play—and that was on the momentous occasion when Stella sang to him.

'Can't you sing—an old song—one of Grieg's, "Ich liebe Dich?"' asked Kames, glancing round at Stella. Whether he had ever guessed Stella's intentions towards himself, Maud did not know, but wealthy bachelors are not usually slow at drawing flattering inferences about themselves. Whether he guessed or not, he had not shown himself as anxious to conciliate Stella as he had been to win over Ursula. But just now, his thick, strong, amiable features wore a smile half-indulgent, half-humorous.

Stella could sing the song—rather; and Kames, after playing a prelude of his own, struck into the song.

Stella had brought her blue-satin dress with her—her favourite; it did her more justice than any other she had ever had. She was wearing it now, and she stood full of happy expectation. She could imagine the room, full of a well-dressed audience, and it was to this imaginary audience that she sang—her high, strong soprano filling the room, more than filling it. She laid great emphasis on the word 'Du,' thereby, as she thought, expressing a great emotion.

When the last note died away, she stood waiting for some word of approval. The first time she had sung to him he had not shown any particular appreciation—but perhaps he had not realised her powers!

Ursula was standing near; her figure was erect, but her face

was bent a little. Maud had remained at the farther end of the room, by the door, and had sunk on to a couch, out of sight.

'Very nicely warbled,' said Kames, still at the piano. 'And you make it quite clear that "Du" is somebody or other.'

'What do you mean?' said Stella, her voice sounding a little sharp.

'Look here, Stella, as your future brother-in-law and your fervent well-wisher, I'm going to give you a tip that is worth its weight in gold.'

Stella's face had become fixed, and her blue eyes looked like beads of bright turquoise, brighter and more living than the turquoise earrings.

'Really,' she said; 'well, what is it?'

'Your voice isn't so bad, and you produce it properly—and when a pretty woman with jolly hair and blue eyes gets up and jerks her earrings and opens her mouth and makes a harmless noise, she is bound to please, if she can get into the music halls—but—in private life it's different—you understand?'

'I'm listening,' said Stella icily. 'You're very polite.'

'But you must remember,' said Kames, continuing his own train of thought and talking over the piano-keys with a much more serious expression in his face than he usually wore—'you must remember that in respectable society music doesn't exist—games are what they care about; so if you want to make 'em listen to you for a few minutes, you've got to make yourself very distinctive. I'm telling the wretched truth, for your own sake.'

'But there is the serious world of music,' said Stella—'you seem to forget that.'

'There are serious musicians,' said Kames, 'but the public who go to the orthodox concert-rooms are mostly women, and they want to hear rubbish: what they want is the sentiment of the boudoir tinged with religion—they want angels to bring them bouquets, lovers, babies, and gowns from Paquin; and the serious musician has got to sing this deuced seriously.'

Stella drew a profound breath. She was amazed and also puzzled.

'Anyhow, what was wrong with the way I sang that song?' she said impatiently. 'You seem to be a professional critic.'

'It was all wrong,' said Kames. 'First of all, get out of your mind the idea that you can make anything dramatic by emphasising a word—"Du," "Du," "*Du* mein Gedanke," etc. etc.—that's not art.'

'And pray what is art? I mean your idea of art, of course.'

'Now, I want to help you,' said Kames, in his bluff rapid voice; 'I'm going to show you how to sing "Ich liebe Dich." What voice I've got is ruined by smoking—but it'll do for the purpose.'

Stella laughed outright. What sublime conceit the man had!—yes, his conceit was positively sublime. 'Well,' she said, 'you do amuse me! Yes. Do sing it.'

Maud, from her distant corner, could see Stella's face distinctly, she could see how deeply piqued she was; Kames was not visible, he was hidden behind some palms. Ursula was now sitting near the fire, her head bent, deep in her own thoughts, waiting for the song.

He played the prelude again in his strong though subdued manner, and began.

His voice was in extraordinary contrast to his powerful physique; it was rather husky and without much strength. And yet in spite of that, the virile power with which he breathed out that brief passionate love-song made Maud tremble in her remote corner, and made Stella desperate, convinced, and yet not convinced—conscious that this was art, and that it was different from hers, and yet indignant that it should be different; almost ready to deny that it was. And above this conflict of her vanity and power of self-deception, with her primitive instinct for truth, was another emotion, almost as poignant, though for many days she had fought hard to suppress it—the misery that that song was not sung for her—but for Maud! The rush of self-pitying tears was beyond her control. She tried to keep them back, but one heavy tear rolled down her cheek and dropped upon her blue-satin dress.

Maud saw and understood. She rose noiselessly from her corner, moved to the door and went into the silent hall. The great high mullioned windows now looked solid against the darkness of the night outside. The portraits were dim, the faces looking white and wistfully out at her. Within the glow of the fire, Maud cowered down into a chair, and, hiding her face in her hands, shivered from head to foot in that luxurious warmth.

(To be continued.)



GENERAL PICQUART.<sup>1</sup>

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To most Englishmen who desire to see modern France strong and respected the news of the death of General Picquart on Monday, January 19 last, came as a painful shock. Even if the Dreyfus case had never intervened to reveal to the world his chivalrous integrity and unflinching rectitude, he would yet have earned his country's gratitude as a chief re-organiser of her army. He was no sooner restored, after the settlement of that affair, to the rank of which he had been temporarily deprived by the turpitude of the anti-Dreyfusard faction, than he applied himself, as Minister of War in the Cabinet of his friend M. Clemenceau, to the task of setting his country's forces in order. This was at the end of October 1906. Eighteen months before, on March 31, 1905, the French Chambers had voted a new law reducing the term of military service to two years instead of three. It had been passed hurriedly, by a Legislature that was weary of the matter and wished to get rid of it, and the provisions it contained for carrying out so radical a change without seriously endangering, for a time at least, the defences of France, were carelessly drafted, vague and inadequate. For three years Picquart worked unremittingly at a task rendered all the more arduous and complicated by the decline in the French birth-rate. One point he discerned at once—namely, the necessity of reorganising the field artillery of the French army. The number of men ready to take the field in a sudden mobilisation had to be reduced; that was unavoidable, but the artillery depends less on numbers than on equipment, instruction, and discipline. The two years' law left him plenty of men for a service that must anyhow be numerically small, and after eight months' labour he had overcome all the obstacles thrown in his way by politicians, had increased the strength of the artillery by 50 per cent., and made it the best in Europe.

Next the entire organisation of the expedition to Morocco was his work. He thought out every detail of it in advance. It proved a great success, and has won the admiration of all military critics.

<sup>1</sup> The Editor has particular pleasure in welcoming this tribute to the memory of a great man, for the CORNHILL was the only English magazine to which General Picquart ever contributed. ("Austerlitz: un centenaire," December 1905.)

At the same time there broke out an agitation culminating in a movement of revolt amongst the viticulturists of the south of France. Like the present movement of revolt in Ulster, it required discreet handling. He had to concentrate 30,000 troops in Narbonne and the surrounding country in order to cope with it, and shewed such firmness and tact as quelled disturbance everywhere in the course of twenty-four hours, yet left no resentment in the hearts of those whom he was obliged to repress. As Minister of War he also worked hard to provide new and better schools for the instruction in their duties of the officers and men of the reserve. In January 1910 he was given the command of the Second Army Corps, a position which gave him a chance of revealing at successive manœuvres his supreme ability as a tactician. During the last months of his life he was reorganising his army corps in Picardy in accordance with the new law re-imposing a term of three years' service upon French conscripts.

He died as he had lived. On Tuesday, January 13, his horse slipped on an icebound road near Amiens, he was thrown, and sustained in falling a bad wound on the scalp. The surgeon bade him go to bed and take the precautions which so serious a lesion called for. He refused, feeling himself to be in full possession of his wits, and continued to discharge his duties for the next four days. On Saturday night blood-poisoning set in with coma, and early on Monday he passed away. He had recovered consciousness for a few minutes on Sunday, long enough to write down, for he could not speak, his last wishes, among which was this, that he should be given a civil funeral, be cremated, and have no speeches delivered over his tomb, nor wreaths of flowers laid on it. His friend, General Lallemand, was at his bedside, and for him were traced the words: '*Le plus tôt ce sera fini. . .*' Renewed coma interrupted the sentence, but after a brief space he made a supreme effort, tried to smile so far as his poor distorted features allowed, and traced his last words—'*Merci, bon ami.*'

But it was in connection with the Dreyfus case that General Picquart by his devotion to truth and justice helped, perhaps more than any other actor in that drama, to save his country from indelible disgrace. Born at Strasbourg in September 1854, he was a man of forty years of age at the time of the first condemnation and degradation of Dreyfus. As a lad of sixteen he had witnessed the siege and capture of his native city, and when at the conclusion of the war the Germans by an act of impious brigandage tore the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine from the allegiance they loved,

and still after forty-three years love so well, Picquart opted for French citizenship, and at the age of eighteen entered the military college of Saint-Cyr. His career was brilliant from the first, and he was made a captain at twenty-six years of age on his return from a campaign against the Kabyls. Later on he served for four years in Tonquin. There he again distinguished himself, won the *croix* of the Legion of Honour, and on his return was made a commandant, at the age of thirty-four. He was presently made a professor of topography and geodesy in the *École Supérieure de Guerre*, where his command of the German, Russian, and English languages made him invaluable.

He already occupied an important position in the intelligence department of the *État Majeur* when Dreyfus was condemned, nominally, for the *bordereau*. This was a list drawn up by Commandant Walsin Esterhazy in his own handwriting of several more or less secret military documents which he had procured and was ready, for cash down, to hand over to the German military attaché in Paris, Colonel Schwartzkoppen. The latter had torn it up and thrown it in his wastepaper basket. The charwoman at the German Embassy, Bastian, who was in the pay of the French War Office, brought it thither to Colonel Henri, who pieced it together, and contrived that Dreyfus, an unpopular, but hard-working Alsatian Jew in the same office, should be accused of having written it. Henri had known Esterhazy fairly intimately for many years, and it is, to say the least, odd that he did not recognise his friend's handwriting. Instead of doing so, he put it about in the Press that a Jewish officer was suspected of treason. Drumont, the unscrupulous editor of the *Libre Parole*, at once set off on the trail of a Jewish traitor, and it was fear of his clamour and threats that drove General Mercier, then Minister of War, a weak man and only anxious to ingratiate himself with the anti-Semitic Press and such organs of anti-Christian fanaticism as *La Croix*, to the course he took. It was held to be expedient for a mere Jew to be sacrificed. The officers who composed the court-martial were not altogether satisfied that Dreyfus was the author of the incriminating document, whereupon Henri, with the approval, if not at the instigation, of Mercier, flaunted before their eyes other documents which neither they nor Dreyfus' defender were allowed to examine. Henri assured them that their superiors *knew* Dreyfus to be guilty, and urged them in the name of military discipline to obey orders and condemn him. Carried away by a blind trust in the judgment of their superiors, they did so.

Picquart was present at this court-martial, though not behind the scenes, and for months he entertained no suspicion that any injustice had been done. It was not long, however, before the same woman Bastian brought fragments of an express letter which Schwartzkoppen had written and addressed to Esterhazy (who was all along in the Paris garrison), and had then torn up and thrown away unsent. Picquart at once saw that Esterhazy was in German pay, but he did not connect him with the *bordereau*, for he had not as yet succeeded in obtaining any specimens of his handwriting. He merely concluded that Schwartzkoppen had a second traitor to aid him, and set himself to watch Esterhazy's movements, hoping to take him red-handed. Meanwhile, some one in the War Office and in Picquart's confidence—probably Henri—warned Esterhazy of the danger he was in and put him on his guard.

It may be that Henri did not himself share Esterhazy's vile gains, and acted as he did merely out of fear lest his own and Mercier's criminal intervention in the original court-martial should come to light in the course of Picquart's new investigations. It is certain, however, and it is a suspicious circumstance, that Henri was already suggesting to his colleagues in the office, Lauth and Gribelin, that Picquart was seeking to substitute Esterhazy for the Jew Dreyfus, at a time when such an idea had never crossed Picquart's mind. Affairs were in this posture when in September 1896 two letters written by Esterhazy were placed in Picquart's hands. He no sooner saw them than he recognised in the writer of them the author of the *bordereau*. The handwriting of all three documents was identical. He was aghast. No one had been more convinced than he of the Jew's guilt. Without a qualm he had seen him condemned, degraded, and deported to the Devil's Island. He had read his letters, and heard his protestations of innocence, but had regarded it all as a bit of theatrical display, and now on a sudden the naked horrible truth was forced upon him. He seeks out in the archives of his office the secret dossier with which Henri had tricked the officers who had condemned Dreyfus; and his critical eye in a moment discerns that it contained nothing except one document referring to Esterhazy and another which had carried conviction to their silly minds. It was a scrap of paper on which were written in Schwartzkoppen's hand the words: 'Ce Canaille de D'; as if there were not hundreds of officers, not to mention civilians, whose name might begin with the letter *D*. The

particular scrap, moreover, referred to one Davignon, with whom the German attaché had relations.

Picquart began by juxtaposing before the eyes of Bertillon, the handwriting expert on whose evidence Dreyfus had been convicted, the *bordereau* together with one of Esterhazy's letters. He was careful to withhold from Bertillon the circumstance of its being in Esterhazy's writing. Bertillon instantly recognised that the two documents were written by one and the same person. In the sequel, however, sooner than incur the obloquy of Drumont, he pretended that Dreyfus, the traitor, had imitated Esterhazy's writing in order to save himself! It is difficult to say whether this expert was merely a fool or a coward and a knave. He anyhow lacked the courage to avow before the world that he had been wrong in his *expertise*.

Picquart next acted as any conscientious man would under the circumstances have done. He laid the truth before his superiors, Generals de Boisdeffre and Gonze. They were much embarrassed, for next to Henri and Mercier they had had most to do with the condemnation of Dreyfus. Gonze listened, and merely said: 'Then they made a mistake.' Boisdeffre ordered him to keep the two affairs—of Esterhazy and Dreyfus—apart and not mix them up. They perhaps wanted time to make up their minds. They anyhow were not long in doing so, and their decision was to leave Esterhazy, the proved spy and traitor, undisturbed in his commission, and to keep Dreyfus, the proved innocent, in his dungeon. Picquart, whom they dreaded, they dispatched at short notice, first to a remote French garrison, and subsequently to a distant outpost in the North of Africa, where he was likely to be murdered ere long by the Dacoits of the desert. Picquart himself knew the risk, but he was resolved that the secret should not die with him; and he drew up a careful account of what he had discovered, and deposited it with his executor, who in the event of his death was to place it in the hands of the President of the French Republic. It was dated from Sousse, April 2, 1897. But already before that date one of the dramatic incidents, so frequent in the history of this case, had revealed the truth to two persons, Schwartzkoppen and Zadoc Kahn, son of the chief Rabbi. A photograph of the *bordereau* had in 1894 been inadvertently left in the hands of one of the handwriting experts named Teyssonières. Anxious to turn an honest penny, he sold it to the *Matin* newspaper, which published it in facsimile on November 10, 1896. It caught the eye

of the German attaché, who now for the first time realised with horror that Dreyfus was expiating the guilt of Esterhazy. Kahn had lent Esterhazy money, and the latter had only the day before written to his creditor begging him to grant him a delay in repayment of the loan. Kahn saw at a glance that the document of the *Matin* was in Esterhazy's handwriting, and told his father of his discovery ; but the latter was so satisfied of Dreyfus' guilt that he would not even examine the evidence—so much for the accusation levelled by the French Nationalists at the French Jews, that they had vamped up the whole agitation. The young Kahn, however, communicated his discovery to others. It reached the ears of Dreyfus' brother Matthew, and, through him, of the veteran Alsatian senator, Scheurer Kestner. From that moment a revision of the unjust verdict was inevitable.

If Gonze and Boisdeffre had been, I will not say gentlemen, but beings of ordinary humanity, they would have listened to Picquart's appeal in 1896 ; with a stroke of the pen they could have righted the wrong ; the viler organs of the Press like the *Croix* and Drumont's *Libre Parole* might have whined a little at justice being done to a Jew, but the vast majority of French Catholics and Conservatives would have acquiesced in a revision of the case asked for and initiated by the *État Major* itself. By stifling the voice of conscience these two officers prepared a ten years' agitation which at times almost menaced civil war, and of which the Roman Church has had to pay the cost. By their action they left to the Huguenots, the Radicals, and the Socialists the monopoly and the privilege of combating for truth and justice. They seriously damaged in the eyes of the world the reputation of French officers for chivalry, common sense, and humanity ; and, worst of all, they were the occasion of many otherwise excellent people searing their consciences, of their stopping their ears to the voice of truth and reason, of their even acclaiming as ' patriotic forgeries ' the scraps of futile nonsense concocted by Henri *ex post facto* as evidence of Dreyfus' guilt.

A league was now rapidly formed between the *État Major* on the one hand and Esterhazy the traitor and his ally Drumont on the other, and Henri was commissioned to invent evidence in support of the original mistaken verdict. It was felt, however, from the first that Picquart's courage and independence constituted a greater danger to their plans than any external action of politicians and civilians ; and they deliberately set themselves to silence and ruin him. Ridiculous charges of espionage and treason were trumped up against him, he was arrested, court-martialled, and condemned



*par ordre supérieur* to detention in a military prison. He was deprived of his rank and driven out of the army. But they could not prevent him from saying what he knew in the witness-box at the trial of Zola, and it was his testimony, given in his quiet, fearless, unostentatious, and convincing manner, that finally prevailed. 'Colonel Picquart has lied,' shouted Henri amidst the plaudits of a nationalist audience as Picquart gave his evidence before the court. Picquart smiled quietly and went on. In a few weeks' time Henri, convicted of 'patriotic' forgery, was lying in the fort of Mt. Valérien with his throat cut, whether by himself or his accomplices no one ever knew. Picquart alone redeemed in this crisis the honour of the French army, and, alas! almost alone among his fellow-officers showed that he really had that at heart. All through the long years of persecution and calumny which he underwent, no complaint ever passed his lips. No man was ever more dignified and self-contained. During this term of enforced leisure, not being able to use his talents in behalf of the army he loved, he busied himself with music, art, literature, and philosophy, in any of which pursuits, had he not given up his life to soldiering, he might have shone.

If I were asked what most impressed me in his personality, I think I should say his modesty and simplicity. The one thing which he feared, as in death so in life, was to be applauded by the crowd and made a fuss about. He dreaded publicity; he only wanted to do his duty quietly and be let alone. In the public life of France, as of our own country, there is much cleverness, much self-advertisement, but too little character, and the contemplation of such a figure as Picquart is a useful tonic for our age. He was a patriot, but he never went about shouting; and when all were raving around him and at him, he remained sane, serene, cheerful, but unflinching in his devotion to truth and justice, to humanity and patriotism. His was a knightly figure; he was well built, lithe and graceful in his movements. You felt yourself with him in the presence of a man of natural distinction, of an aristocrat in the best sense. In conversation he was quiet, ever to the point, using words to convince himself rather than his hearers, courteous and attentive; all the time a light in his eyes, often a quiet twinkle, which rendered his countenance extraordinarily friendly and sympathetic. In manner and mode of address he reminded me, more than anyone I ever met, of my friend the late Arthur Dendy of University College, whose epitaph in our ante-chapel would serve equally well as his:

'A man of wise counsel,  
high honour and warm heart.'

## THE GRAMOPHONE.

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

THE gramophone had always had a profound, almost a mysterious, attraction for David Glennie. As a boy he had read about it, and had longed to hear it. When he went to Edinburgh to study for the ministry he hoped furtively that he might have an opportunity of coming to a nearer and closer acquaintance with the instrument. When the wished-for chance came and he stood beside the thing in all its brazen wonder, its great mouth open to his ear, and the disc with its travelling needle actually before him, he felt a thrill of excitement which he concealed under an exterior which said plainly that he was accustomed to mysteries of this sort.

It was one evening at a Church Sociable that he met the gramophone face to face. The encounter was sudden and unexpected. He could hardly have expected to find it at a minister's house. But the Fyfes had always been in advance of their time, and at Blair Street Church, where the pulpit was occupied by the Reverend Alexander Fyfe, they sang the Doxology after the Psalms, and the congregation joined in the saying of the Lord's Prayer, in spite of the conscientious objections which had been made against the custom by the older members of the Kirk. The Church Sociables, which were held once a month at the Manse, were not only unusual, but even had an element of unorthodoxy about them which was believed to be characteristic of Mr. Fyfe's dangerously advanced views. Nowhere else in Scotland, perhaps, would you have found a gramophone in a minister's drawing-room.

'Come in, Mr. Glennie,' said Mr. Fyfe on the evening of the Church Sociable. He had a smooth-shaven face and a hearty manner, more parochial than is common in Scotland, where a parochial manner is sometimes regarded as 'condescending.' His hand-clasp was effective, though it was considered to be bordering on affectation. One of his elders, who was a man of pawky humour, had been known to say that he himself could do with less grip and more gospel than he got from the minister. But timid people liked it, and it brought him a whole army of women workers and lady singers in the choir.

David Glennie had heard about the Blair Street minister before he came to Edinburgh, but the evening at the Manse was the first time he had ever seen him. He stood at the door of his drawing-room, with rows of chairs behind him, and Mrs. Fyfe, with friendly wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, and hair modestly braided, stood beside him in the doorway.

'Come in, Mr. Glennie; we're just going to hear Melba.'

David had heard of 'Ramblers' Clubs' in connection with the church, and 'Science Circles,' and 'Debating Societies.' He had heard too of Mr. Fyfe's Church Sociables, and of his brave adventures in the matter of boldly appropriating 'stars.' But this daring departure overwhelmed him. He endeavoured to be a man, and not to wonder if his mother would approve of his meeting opera-singers, and then he scanned the small room, with its closely packed chairs, for the first sight of the *prima donna*.

When he found that it was her imprisoned voice that he was going to hear, the fact gave him infinitely greater pleasure than the bodily presence of the greatest singer in Europe could have done. Quite close to him, as yet silent, glittering, splendid, was the great trumpet of the gramophone. There was a hush of expectation abroad. Mystery was to be unveiled at last, and he was to hear for himself a voice singing where no voice was.

Serious people around him said, 'Is it really herself singing?' while less reverent folk referred lightly to 'records,' with as much apparent ease as a scholar will use a Greek phrase from the pulpit. Some one turned a handle and placed the needle on the disc, and David felt a rapture of relief in that he was to hear, not Madame Melba, but a gramophone record of her.

He stood by the instrument the whole evening, determined to find out the trick if there was one, and ready to expose it.

A girl, in a tasteful blouse and with a ribbon in her hair, who put in discs and turned handles, looked innocent enough. He had an idea that she was Mr. Fyfe's typewriter, but he thought of her to-night as a priestess tampering with mysteries, or as a magician performing baffling sleights of hand. Once or twice, as she turned the huge brass trumpet this way or that, he thought she should have handled the thing more ceremoniously. He had always experienced a sort of feeling of revolt at seeing a medical student carelessly handle a skeleton. He knew to-night that it was doubly sacrilegious to lay careless fingers on a living creature like the gramophone. He was glad that the audience remained silent while Melba sang, and

that they gave it or her a round of applause when the song was finished. He himself was too dead, too deeply interested even to applaud.

Once or twice Mr. Fyfe said 'What shall we have now?' appealing to the well-behaved, quiet audience in his hearty parochial way, and sometimes a shy voice would choose a song.

One man asked for Harry Lauder, and everyone giggled, and some were disappointed. So many members of intellectual clubs were present that it was believed that a selection from Mozart might have been chosen, but Mr. Fyfe said breezily, 'Come on, let's have him,' and David heard a man speak, and sing, and choke with laughter, and saw a revolving black disc and a brass horn in front of him, and he steeled his heart against the thing and determined not to be imposed upon by it.

He waited till nearly everyone had left the Manse, and then he said to the young lady in the tasteful blouse, 'Might I see inside?'

'There's nothing to see,' she said.

'What makes it sing?' asked David.

She asked him if he was from the country, and he was afraid to say anything more to her, and hoped he might never meet her again. Everyone seemed to treat the gramophone as a matter of course, and he felt that he might just as well ask how a steam-engine runs, as venture on anything so indicative of a countryman's untimely inexperience as ignorance of the gramophone showed.

Once he went into a shop where they were being sold and asked to hear one. There was a shopman in a frock-coat who was very civil to him, but he was afraid to ask him where the voice came from, and the shopman, who hoped that he had found a customer, wearied at last of putting in new records and asked where he might have the pleasure of sending the instrument.

'I don't believe it's canny,' said David, and he bade the shopman good afternoon and went out.

He walked home, glad to think that he had got the better of a man in a frock-coat, and naturally elated at having heard six records on the gramophone without paying for them. But his soul was in despair, and his mind felt a strong man's hostility towards a mystery.

'I will get the better of it yet,' he muttered to himself.

It was shortly afterwards that he met Miss Dundas, to whom his parents in the Highlands had recommended him for the sake of old times at Ardverikie. She had a gramophone in a mahogany case and did not seem to be the least bit afraid of it. When David

said to her, 'Why does a body speak when a pin runs round yon black thing?' she did not laugh; and when he added 'What beats me is to know whether it's wind or strings' she took the gramophone to pieces and tried to tell him something about it, while he thought how odd it was to hear a lassie instruct a man. He knew she felt apologetic for being his instructor, for she adopted the tone which most charming women use, which says quite plainly, 'I am a fool and you are wise; it is only by some absurd chance that I know anything that you don't know.'

When he found that the gramophone took to pieces his admiration of it increased. No male thing worth his salt but must see how the wheels go round.

Having got to close quarters with the gramophone, and held pieces of it in his hand, a vision smote him which caught his breath for a moment. Some day, he did not care how far distant, he meant to have a gramophone of his own. It seemed a far-away enough vision now, but before he died he meant to have a gramophone, just as some men mean to be great before they die. When he went to bed that night the vision had resolved itself into a vow. He said, 'I will have one of my own.'

And in all the years that followed he never lost his old love for it, nor failed to listen to it when he had the chance. It always hurt him to hear the instrument abused, as a man may feel hurt by hearing men say they don't believe in the Bible. When scoffers said that the gramophone was harsh he was amazed at them. When they professed to dislike it he did not believe them, but used to say to his musical friends who criticised his idol, 'What more do you want?'

Once Miss Dundas asked him to tea, and when he had been shown into her drawing-room she rang him up on the telephone from some distant house and said she had been unexpectedly detained. 'Do make yourself at home till I get back,' she said to him on the telephone; 'you will find lots of books and magazines in the drawing-room, or' (she was a girl who was always thinking of brilliant things) 'turn on the gramophone and pretend it is good company till I come.'

He unlocked the polished mahogany case and almost feverishly chose his favourite airs after scanning the labels on the envelopes in which the discs lay. Then he lay back in an armchair, and crossed his legs while he listened. He was the gramophone's master at last, bidding its unknown powers serve him; but he was always

alert to save its last breath, as it were, and to remove one disc and insert another. He could hardly believe that any living man could rejoice at Miss Dundas' absence in any circumstance, but he rejoiced that day that she delayed her coming till nearly half-past five o'clock.

'Yon thing must be fine company for you,' he said to her as he ate his tea and she handed him the muffins and cake.

'I don't think I often use it,' she said.

The remark almost made a Socialist of him.

But he was too definitely and honestly poor to harbour bitter thoughts for long. Some day he meant to own a gramophone, but for the present even the necessities of life were difficult of attainment. He was sometimes hungry and always shabby, and he knew that in order to pay his college fees his parents were probably hungrier and shabbier than he. He had come to-day to ask Miss Dundas if she would take him on as under-keeper at her place in the Highlands during the shooting season. She hesitated a moment, and then said, 'Would you like it?'

'I would like it fine,' said David. In the old days he used often to collect mussels for her and her guests, and put their lines in order for the fishing, and was glad of the shillings he had earned thereby. But his mother belonged to kenned folk in the North, and what a boy might do, a man studying for the ministry at Edinburgh University might shrink from.

'Why, David, of course, we will find something for you to do if you would like to come.' In order to make his request easy for him, she teased him a little, in the gentle way she had, about knowing more of birds than of theology.

'Birds were my first friends,' said David.

'And there never were such friends as birds,' she replied, 'and never such birds as there are at Ardverikie.'

By the time he left the house she had half-persuaded him that it was a naturalist's freak or whim on his part to want a situation as an under-keeper. He himself had almost forgotten that his winter college fees depended on what he could earn during the shooting season.

Meanwhile Miss Dundas was saying to herself, 'Of course, if anyone gives him a tip I shall kill that person.'

Tips had been David's dread, but when he found that they were not forthcoming he let a sigh like a great blast escape him: danger had somehow been averted, and he felt a man as he stood



amongst the dogs and guns when Miss Dundas' guests were on the moors.

At first, the best part of that summer was the good food, such as he had not eaten for a long time. He told himself that it was the bracing air of the place which now made him hungry, and that he had not really hurried past restaurants, where smells were good, in Edinburgh. But when he set his teeth in the first slice of cold pie which formed the keeper's lunch, he stopped and said grace from sheer joy of eating plenty.

His fellow-students, who had roared themselves hoarse cheering him for his successes at Edinburgh, never knew how he lived nor where he earned his fees. None of them came to the West Highland loch, and there were few neighbours, although the big house itself was always full.

To it came presently some English children with their governess. Miss Dundas frequently had small visitors to stay with her, and these were nice-mannered little girls with short frocks and sturdy legs, and a small boy in a sailor suit. And their governess, with brown hair and gentle eyes, came with them. She was serious-minded and good, and she brought the children up to be good, and David fell in love with her the very first time he met her.

She had been out walking with her charges and missed her way when far from home, and David went to look for her because there was consternation at the big house when she and the children were late in returning. Two or three people were sent to seek the wanderers, and these scattered far and wide to look for them, but David went as straight to her as a homing pigeon flies home, and when he found her he knew that he had found the thing that he wanted most on earth. Miss Milward was tired, and David had never been tired in his life. He offered her his arm and the governess took it shyly, while the children strode out sturdily for home. The walk was not long enough, and to this day David wishes he had not taken the short cut home.

He began to talk about the countryside 'to keep her from wearying,' and he told her he was the under-keeper, and that he used to be the boy at the boats who handled lines for the fishing. He never told her he was a student at Edinburgh University, or that his mother's brother was a rich banker who might have helped him if he had ever cared to ask for help. Had she shown that she knew any difference between them, he might have quoted Edinburgh



casually to her, but she called him Mr. Glennie, and her little gloved hand lay on his arm with a friendly touch. (It was a thousand pities they took the short cut !)

He left her before they reached the front door, where he could see Miss Dundas looking eagerly for her and the children, and he went off to the kennels, then forgot why he had come there and did not like to ask the head-keeper what it was that he had meant to do. The head-keeper told him what were the plans for the morrow, and David asked him what her name was.

His wife, from within the cottage, said sympathetically that she was the bonniest young lady that had been at the house this while back.

'I was not saying anything about her,' said David.

She asked him to come in and sit down, and he told her he must be getting home, and walked into the kitchen, where he sat without speaking and gained the good opinion of the keeper's wife, who called all conversation chatter. When he rose to go she said it was getting dark, and that reminded him that he had not yet had his tea.

He was not even wide enough awake to know what had come over him, and if anybody had told him he was in love he would probably have asked in all simplicity who the lady was.

The next day the English children came out on the moor to lunch with the sportsmen, and during lunch-time David sat on a low stone dyke and looked at the governess, and once she turned her eyes upon him and bowed in the serious way she had. She was trying to persuade Master Dick not to ascertain if a gun was loaded by pulling the trigger, and the concentration of nervous force which this required prevented her glancing at the under-keeper again. But he heard her say to an effeminate-looking man with light eyelashes, who shot much better than anyone else in the shooting-party, that she liked rowanberries, and David went and cut a great bunch of them for her that evening, and then wondered how he was to give them to her. He wandered round to the side of the house where he knew the schoolroom was, and stood by the window, for the blind was raised, and Miss Milward sat by the fire in an attitude that suggested telling stories. Her pretty, serious eyes were fixed upon the flames, and Miss Betty, in brown-silk stockings and white frock, ready to be asked down to the drawing-room immediately, sat upon her knee. David leaned his elbow upon the low window-sill and looked in. He had the great bunch

of rowanberries with him, but he knew now it was sheer madness which had made him think of bringing them to her. He could not go to the back door with them and hand them over to a giggling maid, still less could he go to the front entrance. He decided to stay where he was, for it was good to look at this firelit picture within.

Some message was brought to the schoolroom, the children scampered away, and Miss Milward crossed the room to open the window. Like a frightened schoolboy David laid the scarlet berries on the window-sill, and hid himself like a thief amongst some bushes. Half an hour later, it being by that time quite dark, he ventured into the open again. The rowanberries were gone and the schoolroom blind was pulled down.

'She's the girl for me,' said David. It was the most certain thing in his life. He meant to have her just as surely as he meant to have a gramophone. He was a strong man with few doubts of himself in those days, and he had never known the meaning of indecision. What he wanted he generally got, and some people said that success came too easily to him.

Love was in the air that summer, for Miss Dundas herself became engaged to be married, also the effeminate-looking young man who shot so well shook hands with David when he was leaving, and said, 'I hope you'll come and see us some day when we are settled in London.'

'Us' was confusing on the part of a bachelor, but the head-keeper's wife, that silent woman, who could unravel mysteries of this sort with surprising acumen, and could smell a wedding-cake six months off, found an announcement in the *Oban Times*, which she showed to David. It said that Lord Thane, the famous big-game hunter, was engaged to be married to the Hon. Miss Lampson.

'Wha' next, I wonder?' said the head-keeper's wife, who when she did speak always spoke with intention, and David turned red up to the roots of his hair. He was a by-ordinar silly fellow in those days, and he gloried in the fact that one small slender woman with brown eyes ruled his life, while even Miss Dundas, who was romantic and had seen them in the glen together, shook her head and said, 'People cannot marry on absolutely nothing.'

But the lady with the brown eyes and the serious air promised to wait. She was young, life was before them both, and money did not count. They were both convinced that money did not count, and that two people who love each other can always manage to make

both ends meet. They said to each other that difficulties were made to be overcome, and they appropriated to themselves many other wise and hopeful sayings.

Miss Dundas kissed the girl's bright face and said she knew David would get on, and that it was splendid of Miss Milward to wait, but she wondered how long the waiting would have to be, and to herself she said she would not mind having so much money if only people would be sensible and take something from her, instead of being proud like David Glennie with his dread of tips. She told Lord Thane of the engagement, and he surprised her (because Lord Thane always looked half-asleep) by saying that he had seen what was up all along. He sent the young keeper, with his good wishes, a case of books which made David's mouth water, and some of the shooters who had stayed at Ardverikie gave a silver tea-service to the betrothed pair, and hoped the wedding was going to be soon, and no one was very practical at first, but only very light-hearted and splendid and happy.

It took years to convince both David and the pretty governess that money is in some sort a necessity, even for people who love each other devotedly. When at last they married, it was on a pittance so small that want never seemed very far away, and money had to be held almost as misers hold it in order to meet the small daily needs of life.

Mrs. Glennie was no longer very young when she married, and David was a minister who no longer looked boyish in the pulpit. Very few people can afford to be ill, and David had been very near death's door for years. The career which everyone had promised him had never even been entered on by him and never would be his. He would never fill a great city church by the power of his preaching, nor take the honours which had been so lavishly prophesied for him. He would never taste success, or even love work for its own sake as strong men love it. For years he had been an invalid, and, God sparing him, he would go on being an invalid for many years more. He learned the worth of the girl he was engaged to during his long illness, and it was almost the only comfort he had. Everything else was disappointing. He had suffered so much that when he came as minister to the little parish of Logan much of the confidence of youth was gone, much of its happy outlook had changed; but his love had not altered, and now that he was strong enough to undertake the work of a small parish, he and his wife settled down at the little lonely manse, and, in the faithful way which they had learned, they

told each other that God's dealings were difficult to understand, but that He must know best.

They determined to be contented, and they knew they would enjoy the country. All the time he had been ill David had lived in cities, sometimes in one hospital, sometimes in another, sometimes at a nursing home. But always he had been amongst his fellow-men, and generally amongst clever men. The doctors at Edinburgh Infirmary, who chatted round his bed, were deeply interested in his case, and in the nursing home he was able to keep up with many old friends. When he was well enough to read he had his choice of books, and sometimes during periods of convalescence he had been able to go to concerts and to lectures. He never realised till he came to Logan what a hold the life of cities had upon him. Always he had believed that Nature was his best friend, that the sights and sounds of country life were all that he desired, and that these would help to restore him.

As a delicate man whose feet could never carry him very far on walks by fell and flood, and who had to be indoors as soon as the chill of evening fell, he found to his surprise and with the deepest chagrin that what he longed for was living human beings about him. He used to be so tired when he got home at night-time that it was impossible to concentrate his mind upon a book. Novels, he might have been able to read perhaps, but he was too poor to afford a subscription to a lending library, and in any case the idea of an elderly minister reading love stories of an evening would have seemed to him out of place, not to speak of the scandal it would have caused in the village. In summer weather he was able to sit out of doors in the long gloaming of the Highlands until a late hour, and with a warm cape about his shoulders he would look at the hills and trees about him and try to make friends with them once more, and once he found himself longing that he might be an invalid again, with the clever doctors about his bed and friends calling to cheer him up, instead of being in the parish of Logan, with its few scattered cottages and the deep silent loch down below. No one came to the place. A few fishermen took their haul of herrings miles down the loch to ship them to some town centre. Many of the old folk living in the place had never seen a train. Hardly even a newspaper was delivered at any humble cottage door, and the first tidings that many people heard of some disaster or some tragedy was when David prayed for the sufferers in the kirk on Sunday.

When winter came, 'darkness fell very early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Glennie often lighted the lamp at four o'clock in the dining-room, which was the parlour also, because it would have been impossible to afford a fire for two rooms. The dining-room was comfortable enough, for all that its furnishing was so simple. There was a red tablecloth on the table, and warm curtains in the window. There was a bookcase full of books, most of them already well read, and an armchair for David by the fire. His wife, still gentle-eyed and serious and with all the pretty colour gone from her face, never forgot his comfort for a moment, and never ceased her care of him. As they sat together of an evening, the click of her thimble against the needle which made his shirts was often the only sound he heard. His socks were carefully darned, and she used to put his slippers to the fire ready for him when he had been able to get out for a walk. She was the comfort of his life, but they spoke little to one another. They had become quiet people. To save money she was obliged to do most of the drudgery of the house herself, and to save money they had to do without books or amusements. Had they wished to say aught to each other, there was all the day in which to say it. By six o'clock tea-time a curious brooding silence seemed to fall upon the house. It stole in upon them through the curtains and was almost like some tangible presence in the room. Once or twice it had struck both of them to wonder if one of them was afraid to break the silence, but they fought against this feeling and overcame it. At half-past six the long evening began. David liked to watch his wife sew, and he used to think how pretty her hair still was, and what a tender comfort she had been to him through his life. One evening, as he sat watching her, he said, 'What are you making? It's not shirts, is it?' And she coloured and rolled up her work and put it away, and then came to his side and told him that she was making baby-clothes.

Somehow he had never even thought about children for her and him. Death had hovered so near him for so many years, and had been so long thought of by him, that the miracle of birth had been almost forgotten. But now he clasped his wife to him and said to her, 'You have done so much for me, Mary; are you going to do this for me too?'

Her love for the unborn child showed in her eyes, and for all her quiet, sweet, docile ways a sob escaped her.

He knew then that she had been lonely too, and he said to her that the bairn would be company for her.

'And for you too, David,' she said. 'I know how dull it is for you.' That was the only time they ever spoke of the quiet of the little place.

But there was something now to talk about and to wait for, and little parcels came from the city—dear, interesting little parcels, which were opened when she and her husband were together, and no one else was there to see ; a little cap, which was David's present to the baby, and later on a cot, very simple and plain, but bought by what amount of self-denial those two alone knew.

The baby's things were all kept in one particular box at the foot of the Glennies' bed. Mrs. Glennie at first only allowed herself to look within the sacred place some half-dozen times a day, but later on she became a little self-indulgent in the matter, and would peep into it every time she entered the room.

They prayed every night for the baby, and in her heart Mrs. Glennie had dedicated him to the Lord.

When rumours of what was to happen reached the village, the wise women there were afraid the minister would have a delicate child, and when the little creature was born and lived only a few short weeks no one was surprised. But within the walls of the manse there was a grief which never found expression. Two humble-hearted, deeply faithful people were wrestling in darkness, and striving with all the tragic power of loyal hearts to find some excuse for the God Who had given with one hand and had taken away with the other.

When summer came they never looked at a flower without thinking how much they would have enjoyed showing it to the baby ; and when autumn fell, and winter days began to creep on apace, the little prison of the lonely manse had an aching solitariness about it which never left it.

David's health was not good this winter, and he spent more of his days over the fire than he was wont to do. He wore his warm cape about his shoulders in the house now, and his blue-veined thin hands always looked delicate and cold in the black mitts which his wife had knitted for him.

One day in late autumn a motor-car came through the village, where motor-cars were rare, and all the women came and gaped at their doors to see it pass. The manse gained a distinction when the big vehicle, in all its bravery of gleaming panels and brass lamps, drew up at its door, whose porch was still festooned with the sad festoons of creepers faded and shorn of their summer glory.



"The English children," as they used to be called at Ardverikie, and now grown up, had persuaded their host, Lord Thane with the light eyelashes, to motor them over to see their old friend. Exclamations of welcome and fond remembrances helped to disguise the fact that youth was saying to itself that Mrs. Glennie was sadly altered; while Mrs. Glennie was trying to reconcile to her intelligence the old saying that young people help to keep one young. She thought that Lord Thane looked as little altered as anyone she remembered of the old days, and he told her that there was no wear and tear going on in his brain, for he had never had one, and so would probably never grow old. He asked to see the garden presently, and the conventional request had more of intention in it than is common. Mrs. Glennie showed him some dahlias and sodden begonia plants, and he said to her suddenly as they stood looking down upon the almost empty flower-beds which gave very little food for conversation, 'I heard about the baby.'

She said to him in her quiet restrained way, using words which he had never heard a mother use in the same circumstances, 'I'm beginning to get over it,' and then he found that she was weeping as perhaps she had hardly wept before.

He waited till she seemed calmer and did not try to interrupt her, and then he said, 'I suppose you hardly ever get the chance of showing your feelings in any way; there are many women who do not.'

'It is strange you should know it,' she said, looking up at him and meeting his kind glance.

'Fools sometimes see things,' he said, and then added, 'but Glennie is a splendid fellow.'

They went indoors after that, for Mrs. Glennie had to make tea for her guests. It seemed to her that she felt brighter than she had felt for some time after seeing Lord Thane and the children. David seemed better too. Once more he was touching again the life he used to know, and he began to talk on matters of interest to him, and to discuss the news which had come to him in his weekly paper; and then the talk turned, as it was bound to do, on Miss Dundas and her happy marriage and to the summer they had all spent at Ardverikie long ago.

'That was where I met my wife,' said David, with a boyish look in his eyes.

'We all saw what was happening,' said Lord Thane, looking at Mrs. Glennie, who blushed.

'Even we children knew all about it, although you never



suspected us,' said the English girl. The boy, not being sentimental, reminded the Rev. David Glennie how fond he used to be of the gramophone.

'I never got one,' said David simply, looking back across the long years; 'it was one of the many things I failed to do.'

After the little party had left on their long drive home, he said to his wife, referring to the boy's conversation, 'A thing like that would be great company of an evening.'

She sighed and put the matter out of her mind, but David began to save up for a gramophone. Sometimes she thought his health improved the more he set his mind upon it, and he would forbid her to buy him physic because the money was going into the gramophone-box. He took up his pen, so long left unused, and wrote one or two articles for magazines, which were returned to him with a polite letter; but the effort to express himself did him good, and one happy day he earned three guineas by a contribution to a newspaper. Only a man of deep reading and of high intellect could have written it, and the education which cost his parents so dear was having its return at the rate of an occasional three guineas.

Shortly after, a parishioner poorer than themselves had to be 'helped' with a passage to Canada, and the help cost almost as much as the article had brought in.

But something of David's old determination had returned to him, and he threw off his black mitts, as a man working with physical strength rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and he sat long at his writing-table, nor felt the days so weary as they had been. Once he said to his wife, 'We'll have all the greatest artists of the world speaking in the manse when the gramophone comes,' and they talked of Madame Melba, and Harry Lauder, and Caruso, and the funny German whose shutter was blown down by the wind. They had seldom heard any but each other's voices in the manse; even on the Sabbath, when they met the congregation in the kirkyard after the morning service, speech was slow and manners full of diffidence towards the minister. There was only a handful of poor folk in the village, and, except where there was bereavement or sickness in a cottage, it was not the custom of the place for the minister to visit it. To the distant farmhouses where he might have driven, Glennie was unable to walk, but even walking had become easier now as he grew more active, and Mary Glennie, finding how his heart was set on a gramophone, reduced the expenditure of the little household as, perhaps, only a woman can. Even a single candle

can be made to last a long time in a bedroom, if folk are content to go to bed in the dark, and a crust has been known to make a good pudding if there is a little sugar and a few raisins added to it. Dresses can be made to last almost an indefinite time. When patching begins they can be made to do for a number of years, even when they are called worn-out. Mrs. Glennie was a splendid darning, and dividing the work of household economics, as it has been divided from time immemorial, she saved while her husband earned a little here and there.

They had made up their minds to spend seven guineas on the gramophone, and when Christmas-time came Lord Thane sent them one which had probably cost five times as much. It arrived by the steamer in a great wooden case, and was brought almost solemnly to the door of the manse. No one knew what it could be, but there were many guesses. David said, when at last the thing was revealed before him, that there must be some mistake. And then there was a turning over of labels and a hunt for some letter that might be hidden amongst the packing-paper, and all the time no one had had the temerity to open the beautiful mahogany case to see what was within. The man who had brought the instrument, and who had waited to see it unpacked, had heard about gramophones and was frankly afraid of them. Mary was respectful to them at a distance, while David himself could think of nothing but that this one might have to go back again. There must be some mistake.

No discs had arrived yet. It was not until the next day that they came in a separate case. To-night, the Glennies had only the exterior beauty of the thing itself to consider. The polished mahogany case made the manse furniture look poor and mean. Mary said, 'Where shall we put it?' as some humble hostess might say of some distinguished guest, 'Where are we to put him?' She and David together lifted it into a central position in the room, and it was then that David took the key from the brass handle whence it hung, and, opening the cabinet, discovered a card inside which betrayed the giver's name and put an end to the minister's fears for ever. He opened and shut the case several times, and Mary fetched a duster and dusted it. When they went to bed there was an unspoken resolve in the minds of both Glennie and his wife that they would get up early on the following morning.

'You can't tell it from a human voice,' the minister said. Mary had not heard the instrument as often as he had

been privileged to do. He wondered who in the parish would be the first to share the pleasure of it, and his heart leapt and went out towards a small Church Sociable, to be given on the lines of Mr. Fyfe's parties, at the manse, on New Year's Day.

But for this year, at any rate, festivities were impossible. In the morning the postman knocked at the door, and the minister, who had been down once in the middle of the night on the plea of having 'heard something downstairs,' went to the door and received a black-edged letter which told him that his uncle was dead. It was a time of quick-happening events at the manse, but the death of an uncle has a sobering effect in Scotland. The Glennies talked in low voices all breakfast-time, and throughout the day their conversation was marked by every expression of respectful gloom. David's uncle had always been a hard man, but it did not occur to his relatives to consider that aspect of his character. He was one of the dead, and when they spoke of him they called him a good man, and at the same time hoped he had found mercy before he was taken.

To the invalid, the thought of death always brought home his own personal sense of a precarious hold on life. He shook his head sadly many times that day, and sometimes he blamed himself for feeling so happy about the gramophone.

When the discs arrived in a handsome square package, he forgot his bereavement in the joy he had in opening it, and his fingers trembled as he fetched the hammer. He thought all his old favourite airs were contained in the box, and with his spectacles on he read out the great names of singers, and then asked his wife who should open the concert—whose should be the first voice heard in the privileged dining-room of the manse.

Mary hung her head, which all day long had dutifully drooped in sadness. She felt the discs in front of her rather than saw them, and ran her fingers over their strange indented surfaces.

'I don't think,' she said, 'that we ought to hear it till a fortnight after the funeral.'

[She was a Scotswoman: death is not held lightly in the North, nor is it ever spoken of except in terms of deepest solemnity. There is perhaps less fear of it amongst Scottish people than is altogether common, but at the same time the thought is not long absent amongst Calvinists that some day they must die. The joy of resurrection is sometimes forgotten, but the gravity and importance of the tomb always loom large, and reverence is mixed with a strange sort of respect for all deceased persons.]

David sat down heavily in his chair. He had hardly had any of the joys which other men have. To have had a ride on a horse, before his ill-health came, would have been a pleasure so great as to be hardly coveted by him ; in his busy strenuous life he had not often played cricket, although he had sometimes watched others do so. He had wanted many things, and they had never been his. He had hardly complained until some wilful boyish imaginings, some naturally human longings, some positive desire to possess had worked themselves into the contemplation of just one beautiful thing which he meant to have. He knew himself to be musical and he had heard but little music—the gramophone would have given him what he wanted. He knew there was something called Art, and he believed that the gramophone interpreted Art. He loved Science in a far-away distant fashion, and the gramophone was the very last word in Science. But above all he was lonely in the dull manse, even with his wife beside him. He was tired by the very silence of it, as some men are tired by noise. When he and Mary had thought of the child that was to come to them, it was a fresh voice in the house that he had longed to hear. When the baby died, the oppressiveness of the unechoing walls had become deeper than before. The manse lay far from the village, shut in by a belt of storm-torn trees, all leaning one way, and helping to shelter the little grey house from south-easterly gales. The screen thus formed made a natural barrier between him and his parishioners. The gramophone was to have provided social intercourse between church and people : on New Year's Day he would have liked to invite them all to a little concert which would have opened with prayer and ended with tea and cakes.

He rapidly calculated that New Year's Day would come within the prescribed fortnight. His uncle would probably not be buried till nearly Christmas Day.

He did not speak for some time after his wife's words had fallen. But presently he put out his hand and patiently and gently he closed the mahogany case.

They sat together that evening in the manse dining-room, with the discs in their box under the table. Mary wore a black dress and was busy with her mending, and David had drawn on his black mitts again and remarked that he felt cold. Once he said to his wife, 'That clock is behindhand, surely,' and at half-past eight he began to complain of not feeling so well again, and prepared to go to bed.

'I suppose you'll not go to the funeral?' Mary said. A funeral was one of the pleasures they hardly ever afforded themselves.

'Perhaps we'll get an Intimation to-night,' said David, evading the question, and thinking how little society they had.

'If the Intimation comes to-night maybe they'll send it up from the post office,' said Mrs. Glennie.

There was a post office in the village where the good woman who kept it displayed all the postcards which came through her hands for the entertainment of her customers, but otherwise it was a dull place.

'Oh, they'll send it 'if it's an Intimation,' said David, almost thinking he would sit up a little longer. 'Mrs. Thom will know an Intimation when she sees one.'

'Her boy might run up with it,' Mary said.

David wound his watch and compared it with the clock, and said despondently, 'It's too late to expect it.'

'That may be his step now,' said his wife.

'It's too late to expect it,' said David, going to the unlocked door of the house.

Mary gave a penny—and even a penny counts for something for people so poor as the Glennies—to the boy who brought the black-edged envelope, and bade him good-night, and she and the minister felt a little natural disappointment that the printed Intimation, such as relatives receive as notification of a death, was not inside the envelope.

There was a letter. It said amongst other things that the late Mr. Maclean had departed peacefully and without suffering at four o'clock in the morning, and it also said that by his will he had left to his nephew, the Rev. David Glennie, the sum of £6,000.

That was very difficult news to believe at first—very difficult to assimilate. It opened up such a new view of life that the minister turned pale, and even Mary, who did not often lack courage, became frightened.

'It's too much,' she said at last, and that was all she could say.

Nothing is impossible to people who have £6,000, nothing seems too remote or too difficult for them to do; the world is theirs and all that is in it.

Mary rose deliberately and made up the fire, although it was half-past nine o'clock, and then she looked about for something else to do. She had a feeling then that she ought to comfort her

husband—why, she scarcely knew. She wanted to give him back all the years which the locusts had eaten, all the cures which might have done him good, even the good food which had so often been denied him.

It showed part of the gentleness of his nature, she thought, when he said to her, 'Mary, are there any psalm-tunes amongst those which were sent for the gramophone?'

Together they opened the box again and searched amongst the black discs, and found one labelled, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and very solemnly they placed this within the mahogany cabinet and set the needle upon it, and heard the old words and forgot all thoughts of bitterness, and accepted the old grey days almost as if they had been spent beside green pastures and still waters.

'He spreads a table within our sight,' murmured the minister.

'He never forgets,' said his wife, and a dear hope which had been speaking timidly in her heart the last few weeks began to sing much louder than the gramophone, and to say, 'If one good thing can happen, why not another?'

They clasped each other's hands and listened till the psalm was finished.

'May God bless to us,' said David Glennie, 'the hearing of this instrument.'

## THE NEW PARENTS' ASSISTANT.

## II.

## A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

ALL of us know what it is, to have to keep up appearances : how it ages man and wife, and cuts into the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other. It is a most obstinate skeleton, hiding in every cupboard, present at every feast. Our motives to friendship, our choice of a neighbourhood, our enjoyment of holidays—all of them are perverted from their proper lines. There are growing-pains, and there are labour-pains ; but the pains which we take to keep up appearances bring nothing much either to growth or to birth. None the less, these pains are so strong, that if they could be turned to mechanical force they would suffice to move the Admiralty Arch out of London. It is true that the keeping-up of appearances accustoms us to endurance and alertness ; it gives us ingenuity : but we are longing, all the time, for some reduction of armaments between those two great friendly powers, the neighbours and ourselves. We desire not more Dread-noughts, but an Ark : a quiet family Ark, with six bedrooms, dressing-room, and good bathroom, moderate rent, and a lease terminable with the emergence of Ararat. And, I think, there is some evidence that appearances are becoming less urgent, less compulsory. The raven came back ; the dove came back twice, and is gone again ; not a sign of the glint of her wings ; and the sky promises fair. We are beginning to be less afraid of what people will say : we venture to drop this or that conventional habit, and nobody is offended : we plan our leisure on unexplored ways, and have no fear that we are trespassing. Any old Londoner can recall the time when lives as fine as ours, and finer, were subject to a more strict rule of appearances than that which is laid on us.

But my theme is the keeping-up of appearances, not in society, but at home. Society can look after itself ; but home—

‘There, where I have garnered up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life’—

we must not leave home to look after itself. If we would play the fool, let us do it in society ; which will not mind if we do, but



will just open its mouth and swallow us up, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Let us not play the fool in our own house ; for the children will mind if we do ; and they notice everything. The disregard of social appearances may be justified : the disregard of domestic appearances is a more serious offence.

For the keeping-up of appearances before the children, we must take into account, first, their opinion of our conduct in their presence. Next, their insight into our dealings with the servants—on whose side, mostly, they are ; and that, in many cases, with justice. Next, their verdict on the books we read, the plays we admire, the level of our talk, and the range of our Sundays. Last, their sharp sense, when either of us is cross with the other. It was over a dead child's grave, in the poem, that *we kissed again with tears* : it is dreadful to *fall out, my wife and I*, if the living children hear us. Nothing could be worse for them. And I consign to perdition, along with tiffs—a properly ugly word—all snaps and snarls, such as *Don't tell me what your mother said*, and *Well, you know what your father is*. In these pungent homes, the children, upstairs, make the golliwog and the teddy-bear fall out, they know not why, and kiss again with tears, at the expense of the Fifth Commandment.

It follows, that the children like to see us clean and neat, and of blameless manners at the table, noiseless over our food, and careful not to spill. That we must show sympathy and courtesy to the servants, lest the children should apologise to them for us, saying that we did not really mean it, and they hope it will not happen again. That we set their teeth on edge if we eat sour grapes, calling them our taste. That they feel our jarring voices as we feel the east wind, or the smell from Crosse and Blackwell's on a raspberry-vinegar day. All these abandonments of appearances they are quick to note and to censure ; or, what is worse, to imitate.

Like a moth round a lamp—and I wish that some man or woman of science would tell me why moths fly at lights—I have been circling round the subject which attracted me. Of all domestic appearances, we most jealously guard the appearance of our Authority. We claim authority over our children : we fear to lose it : we call on them to recognise it. Yet, in that Parent's Catechism which will some day be written, there is the question, *My good parent, what meanest thou by this word ?* And the answer is difficult.

But the difficulty, mostly, is of our own making : we have not

given thought to the meaning of the word. We have contented ourselves with a vague notion that our parental authority is a natural product; that we get it, ready-made, by merely having children; that we possess it, as we possess bodily organs and worldly goods; that our power over the children is founded and built on the bare fact that here the children are, just as a man's digestive power is founded and built on the bare fact that here his insides are. But this notion of our authority as a natural product, developed in all of us alike, is not only vague, but downright false. It appeals to Nature: therefore, unto Nature it shall go, and hear what she has to say to it.

The farther I trace back, in Nature, the power of parents over their children, the less I like what she shows to me. For I find the whole business tainted with savagery—*Oh Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a daughter hadst thou*—I trace it back to the power of brutes over their young, and to worse than that. At the end of the track of my thoughts, if they can be called thoughts, I see Moloch, Juggernaut, Chronos devouring Zeus, and cats devouring their kittens. So much for the origins or development of parental authority in Nature. But why should we be scared by the origins of ourselves? For we are not origins, but results. The origins all left off before we began; they had to, or we never could have begun. As Mr. Balfour says of the origins of music, in that magnificent second chapter of 'The Foundations of Belief'—'How does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?' If my ancestors—I take Mr. Balfour's word for it—did like the tom-tom, I am not surprised that they had to come to an end before I could begin to begin. So it is with all origins: the more we enquire of them, the less we admire them: it is not origins that explain results, it is results that explain origins. Let us limit our enquiry to here and now.

What do we believe, touching our authority over the children—really believe, in our hearts, you and I, my dear? What do we really believe, when we sit together of an evening, and think it over, when the children are asleep? Take what happened only to-day. Boanerges—he is named after his godfather, not me—was extremely difficult, all to-day; we had to be very determined with him: we had to assert our authority. We pulled that cracker, and the noise of it silenced him; and we are left, man and wife, each with one end of a spent cracker. Was it, or was it not, the best way to manage him?

Surely it was, with a child so young as that. But they soon outgrow and resent all such explosive displays, and are stimulated to resistance by our efforts to be irresistible: for they detect in us, or imagine that they detect, ill-judged and intemperate and theatrical behaviour. The older they are, the more careful we must be to avoid a masterful high-handed course of action, with scenes, and what are called *strong curtains*. We do them wrong, being so majestical, to offer them the show of violence. Such methods, long ago, kept the Fairchild Family straighter than straight; but the families of this generation are made of other stuff. Indeed, as things are now, Mr. Fairchild might find himself watched by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. His methods remind me of the story of the Siege of Jericho: how the insistent procession, ultimate and fearsome, bringing the Irresistible along with it, went round and round, till the walls themselves could not stand any more. No wise parent now would thus besiege his children, nor would they thus be captured: they would hardly trouble to look over the edge of their walls; they would merely say, *Oh, of course; Father, as usual*. Or they would come forth out of the city, with hosts of arguments, and give battle, and their parents be defeated, in the very presence of the Irresistible.

Against the risk of such disaster, each of us ought to know what right we have to our rights, what authority for our authority. We get no help here from Nature. The primal origins of our authority are hopelessly disreputable; and the nearer past has nothing to tell us, save that everything is always changing. From generation to generation the standard is shifted, the rule is modified. Again and again the sum has been done, and the answer each time has come different. *Quis custodiet custodes?* Take a dozen homes, to-day: parental authority is enforced in one, disdained in another. The modern stage, mostly, displays the authoritative parent as a hard-willed fool: Sir Anthony Absolute enslaved to chapel-going, old Capulet run to seed, and Lear, no longer tragic, refusing to his daughter not a kingdom, but a latchkey. Only, Heaven be praised, there was *Milestones*: it had insight, it had distinction. It will need a new act, of course, every thirty years; and I know some good critics who, at the fall of the curtain, planned one, then and there, in a restaurant over the way. Still, to my thinking, the play ends well where it ends now, with the death of old Authority, after a wearisome period of slowly failing strength. Nothing is here for tears: death came so quietly, at the last, hand in hand with honour

and with peace. *Le Roi est mort.* But the children, none the less, are in need of us. For they are fond of loyalty, they fear and hate anarchy. They desire a king, some sort of a king : they are waiting outside the darkened palace to cry *Vive le Roi* : and we must not keep them waiting. Somebody must be at the head of their affairs, if it be only to earn the money and have charge of the household. And, after all, there is nobody, my dear, but you and I. Not even the most emancipated child can suggest an alternative scheme. We have no power to lay down the cares of state : parental authority may be a thing of the past, but parents are not. It is impossible to doubt that you and I are still expected, if not to govern, yet to reign. Come, your hand : strike up, trumpets and drums : let us at once assume our thrones :

‘Here you see the monarch sit,  
With his consort opposite’—

For we ought always to try to do what the children want, so long as it is nothing which can do them any real harm.

But we must adapt ourselves, carefully, to the new order. We are king and queen under this proviso, that we make no unconstitutional use of our royal supremacy, consult our advisers, and commit no tyrannical act. Amen, so be it. Now let us examine, with purged vision, the purpose and the workings of parental authority, new style. But please let us mind our own business, and leave the neighbours out of the question ; for there is plenty to learn in *this toy kingdom of ours*, without going outside. Also, let us forget those occasions when your authority and mine have been at variance :

‘And while Papa said, *Pooh, she may,*  
Mama said, *No, shes han’t.*’

For it is facts that we want, not casuistry. And I say that parental authority is not a free or unconditional grant or subsidy from Heaven. We get it not all at once, but by instalments ; we are paid, not for having children, but for looking after them : there is no covenant between Heaven and us, only a general understanding that we may hope to receive what we have earned, but must earn something before we receive anything.

Mark, how we set to work : observe the initial ways of a mother with a baby. There are two words—*Naughty Baby*—which mothers of large families may well be tired of saying. These are the first

words of parental authority : and all our later exercises of authority are nothing more than variations on this theme. The earliest use of these words is to teach the baby to keep itself clean : that is, when it is about six months old, but not before. His mother's authority over Boanerges, therefore, was born about six months after him. My authority drew its first breath a few weeks later, on the day when he was trying to swallow my watch. Nothing of authority could pass from us to him till he was able, more or less, to attend to the sound of us. For the first few months, we were impersonal to him, for he was impermeable to us : we were just like the two sides of his cot, let up to keep him in. Till he was old enough to be naughty, we had no authority over him. She nursed him : I looked at him. So long as he was too young for me to say *Naughty Baby* to him, I was powerless.

Slowly, year by year, with pleasure and pain, success and failure, pride and shame, comes that good understanding between parents and children which we call our authority. It is innumerable acts of parental care and filial acceptance : and so quick is the sequence of them that we get the impression or sense of continuity, as with a film at a picture-palace. We see our authority not as a series, but as a fixture ; we talk of it as if it were always there, like a policeman at Oxford Circus. It is just a name for the children trying to be obedient to us, and us trying to be wise with them. We cannot lock it up, as if it were the cheque-book ; nor send it to the Bank, during our holiday, as if it were the silver tea-set ; nor flourish it all of a sudden, as if it were the poker, and the children were a noise in the basement. It is nothing that we have, it is only what we are. It is ourselves feeling our way to the children, and they to us.

Truly, here is a kingdom to be proud of. What can be better for us, than to try to be good ? What more suitable gift could Heaven devise for us parents ? But we must be always deserving it, or it will stop coming. It is not handed to us, once and for all, across Heaven's counter, along with a baby, like a sugar-basin with a pound of tea. *Mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.* As with all other gifts, so with this gift of authority, the only hold that we have on it is the use that we make of it. That is the rule under which we get our gifts : and quite right too.

It follows, that we are at any rate as safe on our thrones as we are anywhere else. We must play no fantastic tricks before high Heaven. None the less, we are king and queen *Dei gratiâ* : that is, on this divine condition, that we keep on trying to do the best thing

for the children. So long as we are thus employed, we are in authority over them.

I wrote *Dei gratiâ* : and it occurred to me to turn out the coins which were in my pocket, that I might assure myself of the accompanying words, *Defensor Fidei*. Penny, sixpence, shilling, florin—they all implied to me that they who reign by the Grace of God are thereby bound to be Defenders of the Faith. I put the four coins on the mantelpiece, in a row, and looked hard at them ; but I could not stare them out of countenance, nor make them change their opinion. They were unanimously agreed that parents, to be deserving of authority, ought to defend the faith of their children. This resolution was sent up to me from the mantelpiece : and it shall receive my serious consideration.

STEPHEN PAGET.

### A POET'S PASSPORT.<sup>1</sup>

On a certain November evening in the year 1801 two persons were sitting in placid contentment in the library of a handsome house in Edinburgh. The room, though imposing and dignified, did not exhibit quite the classic elegance of the new French school. Its walls were lined with high architectural bookcases painted white, in pleasing contrast to the fine scagliola-porphry mantelpiece, with rams' head terminals, which occupied one end of the room.

At the moment with which we are concerned the room was full of a delicious odour of tea, which rose from two steaming cups whose contents an exceedingly pretty young lady had just drawn from the silver urn which stood before her.

'The tea is just ready, Papa.'

Her father rose from the deep armchair in which he had been sitting, blinking as he faced the light of the candles upon the table.

'I'm so glad to have some one to make it for me, you wouldn't believe;—while you've been away, I've had to make it myself or go without. The tea I made was atrocious.' (His Scottish tongue was betrayed by 'atrocious'.)

'Mind now, Alison! That urn's so savage, it'll burn you if it can. See what it did to me.' He showed her a finger.

'Ah, but you were not firm and decided with it . . . bring that one, Papa, and come and sit here.' He obediently drew a chair up to the table and sat down, receiving one of the steaming cups. She offered him cream; he shook his head.

'What, no cream! Indeed, you've got some strange habits while I've been gone to England.'

'And I think so have you, Ma'am,' he retaliated. 'See how fine we are with our high curls and blue snood!' He turned a grave and critical glance upon her.

'It's very pretty. Why did you never do it so before? And what a smart gown! Is that what you call lustring?'

'Oh, dear no, Papa, it's an India muslin. But I'm glad you noticed how smart it is,—put on to honour coming home.'

They drank tea in silence for a moment. Then she looked up tentatively at him:

<sup>1</sup> The dramatic rights of this article are reserved.



'Papa!'

'Alison!'

'Would you like me to sing to you? Talking of what we've both learnt, I've got some quite beautiful new songs you've not heard—some of them very tragical. But perhaps you'd rather not to-night?'

'Indeed, I should like it of all things. But—' and here Mr. Clerk threw back his head with an air of terrific fortitude—'I'm so glad to see you home I don't intend to cry however tragically you may sing. Dirges and laments will be quite lost upon me, I warn you.'

Alison, abandoning her tea, had moved towards the back of the room where her harp stood; now she turned laughing upon him, shaking a grave forefinger at this declaration. 'If you're so proud I shall sing you nothing but "The Battle of Chevy Chase." Then we should see!'

She took the cover off the harp, revealing an elegant gilt instrument, and drawing up her stool began to strum little soft arpeggios.

'Now, listen, Papa. I don't know who the air is by, but nobody sings anything else in London. You are to guess who wrote the words. Yes, the harp is in order; I tuned it myself before dinner.'

A prelude, and then to a pretty vapid little air with trills and little runs in the accompaniment:

'Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube

Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er—

"Oh whither," she cried, "hast thou wandered my lover,

Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?"

"What voice did I hear? 'Twas my Henry that sighed";

All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far

When bleeding and low on the heath she descried

By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar.

'From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar,

And dim was that eye once expressively beaming,

That melted in love or that kindled in war.

'How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!'

She broke off:

'That's not quite all; but aren't the words beautiful?'

She clasped her hands in all the luxury of sentiment which the poem called up:

'Now, who do you suppose wrote it?'

Mr. Clerk smiled.

'Well,—a youngish man, I should think.'

'Yes, he is; quite young, one of my favourite poets.'

'Tell me, then.'

'It's by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," young Mr. Campbell.' (She called it 'Caamell.') 'Oh, he's the sweetest poet in Scotland!'

She left the harp, and, going towards the fireplace, stood warming her hands, one foot in its delicate black sandal upon the fender; then continued with a little hesitation:

'I heard such a dreadful thing about him. They say in London that he has been arrested for treason, put into the Tower, and is going to be executed. It's too dreadful to think of. Do you think it's true?'

Her father laughed:

'Well, not quite. I'm sorry to say there is a warrant out against him, though, poor young man, but if . . .'

Alison interrupted him:

'How dreadful . . . Treason . . . and he's such a beautiful poet. They say in London he's a Jacobin . . . but I don't believe a poet . . . it sounds so foolish. I hope he won't be arrested . . . makes one quite anxious.'

'Ah, but the worst is, my dear, if he comes here to Edinburgh to his mother, as he's very likely to do, it's I will have to arrest him.'

'Good gracious! Yes, as Sheriff. . . . Oh, I hope he won't.'

She turned a pair of frightened brown eyes upon her father, who sat balancing his spoon on the edge of his cup.

'As a matter of fact—you mustn't speak of this—I've had word not to arrest him without he makes a disturbance of some kind. He's such a young man; a great credit to Scotland, too, with his poems and so on, . . . they're not wanting to be hard on him. You see, besides, all the young ladies in Scotland would be on his side.'

She considered this for a moment, and then:

'D'you know some are wonderfully indignant at his being so much as suspected? Why, when I came from Yarmouth in the boat, there was a young gentleman that showed me some civility with my luggage—that was amazingly put about when I told him what I'd heard; he vowed it was redeeculous . . . grew quite agitated, and when . . .'

She broke off as the butler came in to clear away the tea and

replace it with a tray full of decanters and glasses. Nor was she fated to finish her history, for as he passed near Mr. Clerk, the butler said in a low and confidential tone :

'Two of the men, Sir, Allen and McKellen, are very wishful to speak to ye at once, Sir, on Sheriff's business.'

'Oh, confound ! At this time of night. What do they want ?'

'Indeed, I couldn't tell ye, Sir.'

'Well, tell them to come in here. I'll not go out to the office. . . . Spoiling our pleasant evening,' Mr. Clerk grumbled as the butler went to fetch them.

'Ought I to go away, Papa ?' asked Alison. 'I did so want to sing you another song, but if . . .'

'Certainly not—no occasion at all. They're becoming pairfectly nonsensical wanting to see me at all hours. . . .'

The door was flung open and two men entered carrying between them—of all strange objects—a small hair trunk. They stood near the door, a shade of embarrassment overspreading their solemn features as Mr. Clerk remarked with a little asperity :

'And what is it ye've got there that wouldn't wait ?'

McKellen cleared his throat.

'It's a thrunk, yer Wurrship, that was conveyed to the porrt of Leith by . . . somebody.'

'Eh—very likely, but who gave you a warrant to seize it ?'

Allen took up the narration.

'We haave our suspeecons, yer Wurrship, that it belongs to one that there's already a warrant oot against. We haave our suspeecons.'

He glanced at McKellen, who continued with leisurely gravity :

'We hearred that the one that the warrant is oot against left it with the master of the vessel that carried him to Leith. We asked the master what the gentleman was like that it belonged to, and he said he was tall and with fair hair and had a blue coat, striped trousers and a beaver hat. And that was just about the descreption of the man we was looking after.'

Allen nodded confirmation.

'So when we heard that, yer Wurrship, we brought it along.—It's young Mr. Thomas Campbell of this city that the treason warrant is out against,' he added, as an afterthought.

'The very devil it is !' Mr. Clerk gave a whistle and went over to examine the trunk more closely. Upon its lid he saw painted in large white letters, 'MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL.' His

eyes twinkled. 'After reading this it's no wonder ye had your suspicions.'

Mr. Clerk appeared to be in something of a dilemma. He took two or three turns up and down the room, at last wheeled round, and stood facing the men, who still stood beside the little trunk.

'Yes, ye did pairfectly right to bring me the trunk; but ye didn't know one fact. I've had orders not to proceed with the warrant unless Mr. Campbell, as it were, forced himself on my attention. As it is, then, I'm very sorry this has happened. . . . I didn't want to know if Mr. Campbell was in Edinburgh or no . . . he may hear of this and make a scene about having it seized or some childishness. Now I think the best we can do is to get that trunk back where it came from as fast as may be. Mind, I'm not blaming you, ye did your duty; but ye'd best take it now or he'll miss it at the quay.'

They were preparing to take up the trunk, when the butler appeared in the doorway behind them, and going up to Mr. Clerk said in his habitually confidential voice:

'Sir, there's a young gentleman below is very anxious to speak to you at once, Sir. He gives the name of . . .'

But at that moment there dawned through the open door the figure of a young gentleman. He was tall, fair, handsome, wore a blue coat with a collar so high at the back that it touched his ears, a fashionable high black stock, tight striped trousers and a beaver hat. He paused just outside the door and spoke hurriedly:

'Forgive me, I beg, this intrusion, Sir; I hope not to detain you a moment, but even the dictates of good manners . . .'

Mr. Clerk stopped him.

'One moment, Sir. I am not yet quite clear as to what your business may be. . . . Might it not be a good thing to retire while I am still in ignorance? I dare say you have mistaken the house—good evening.'

The young gentleman advanced firmly into the room. He was apparently annoyed.

'My name is Campbell, Sir, and if you are the Sheriff of Edinburgh, I have not mistaken the house. . . . Ah, there it is! I am at a loss . . .'

 He pointed an indignant finger at his little box.

Mr. Clerk answered him resignedly:

'Very well, Mr. Campbell, if you insist upon an interview . . .'

 He turned to the men. 'Put that down and wait outside. . . . Alison, will you go to your sitting-room for a minute? I'll call you directly.'

They retired : Alison with an alarmed but adoring glance at her hero. Mr. Clerk had taken up his stand with his back to the fire ; he now turned quietly to Campbell, who was visibly fuming :

' Now, Mr. Campbell, I'm ready to hear your business.'

Campbell answered him hotly.

' Mr. Sheriff, I'm come to ask you if it's true that there's a warrant out against me for treason, and, if not, the reason of my box having been seized in this high-handed way. . . . In this country of tyranny I had thought to find the rights of property, at least, better observed. What am I to understand ?'

Mr. Clerk played with the seals on his fob, a quizzical expression upon his face.

' First, a word of advice. I shouldn't talk too much about tyranny until you've heard the facts, nor should I address such talk to an officer of the Crown. I am sorry to say there is a warrant out against you. I should also say, speaking without bias, that if you are arrested and tried, you will probably come to the gallows. Popular feeling, not unnaturally, runs exceedingly high just now.'

' Come to the gallows . . . and because the mob has the nightmare !' Campbell spoke low ; then continued oratorically, shaking back his fair hair. ' No. Believe me, popular feeling has no voice here. . . . If I do come to the gallows it will be from the spite of this effete, panicky, corrupt Government. I shall be their sacrifice to Nemesis. But their nerve must be far gone before they try to murder a . . . ' Mr. Clerk interrupted him with almost gentle consideration.

' I think you'd perhaps better try not to incriminate yourself any further, Mr. Campbell. The authorities are not wanting to be hard upon you . . . you're very young, and so on. . . . If you will give me your word not to act or speak in any way treasonably towards the Government, and above all to keep quietly out of the way for a time, ye can go away immediately and I shan't ask your destination. . . . For Heaven's sake think before you answer.'

He turned and studied the fire. There was a little pause. At last the young man answered quietly :

' No, Mr. Sheriff, I can give you no such promise. It would be admitting myself guilty.'

Mr. Clerk still looked at the fire.

' You're very hasty ; remember, the charge is a grave one.'

' I'll not dishonour myself.'

'But why? If you're your country's friend, you cannot want to traduce its Government.'

'I hate the Government.'

'May be, but you're not wanting to hamper it in its efforts for the defence of Great Britain?'

'It's the enemy of Liberty.'

'And of Bonaparte. . . . Try to see more than one aspect, Mr. Campbell . . . but however . . .' He turned and took a paper from the mantelpiece, holding it to the light of the candle. 'You're accused of having . . . while you were abroad this year . . . conspired with General Moreau and with the Irish at Hamburg to get a French army landed in Ireland.'

Campbell flushed angrily.

'It's a tissue of lies. There isn't a fact to support it; even the slaves of a Turkish tyranny would, I suppose, blush to allege . . .'

'We have heard quite enough about tyranny, if you please. It is said in support that you attended Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and other revolutionary gatherings, and that you then travelled home to England with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill.'

'And if I did, Sir, what then? Have you reached such a pitch of folly and credulity that such a circumstance . . .?'

'Then you admit travelling with Donovan?' Mr. Clerk spoke sharply, frowning a little. Campbell answered him in a tone of intense exasperation:

'Again, what if I did? What proof . . .? Am I a god because I may have scaled Olympus? . . . Your Government seems to have grown perfectly infantile; indeed a breath of the west wind of Liberty would help clear your thoughts. . . . You seem to imitate the poor old dotard King in your suspicious folly. I, a boy with no political interest, should have so much influence with General Moreau, shouldn't I? Believe me, General Moreau's not such a fool as your dear Government. Can't you see what rubbish it is? . . . Oh, good God, wouldn't even red Jacobinism be better than this impotence of folly? At least they do not . . .'

Mr. Clerk interrupted him gravely:

'For the last time, will you undertake to commit no treasonable act, towards the Government for a year?'

'I will undertake no such thing.'

Mr. Clerk spoke with extreme sternness, but without raising his voice a tone:

'Foolish, vain young man ! I have no course left but to ask you to consider yourself under arrest. Shall I call my officers, or can I rely upon your honour as a gentleman whilst I examine your papers ?'

The poet shrank almost as if he had been struck : his face looked pale and drawn.

'I think you may trust me, Sir.' His voice was barely audible.

'Mr. Campbell,—in a time of the most acute national anxiety,' continued Mr. Clerk gravely, 'when the country is arming herself for what may be a death struggle with Bonaparte—when the genius of French arms menaces us from without, and her bloody sinister doctrine saps our resistance from within, your words have not been such as should come from the lips of a patriot. We may be over-anxious, we may take precautions that are unnecessary, but we have everything at stake. . . . The Government which you childishly abuse has the whole weight of our national safety upon it. One precaution too little, one rat left to do his nibbling work, and in such a storm we may all founder. You've done nothing for your country—you're an idle, finicking passenger. Are you surprised that, when you're thought to be opening the hatches for the green seas to drive into the ship, you're put in irons without much ceremony ?'

Campbell hung his head :

'But, indeed, I love my country as much as you can.'

Mr. Clerk resumed his short official tone :

'At present I should be obliged if you would give me the key of your box. I shall be largely influenced in my disposal of you by what I may find in it.'

Campbell silently handed him a little key. Mr. Clerk pulled the box into a more convenient position, and, kneeling down before it, prepared to unlock it. Campbell followed him rather humbly, as though ashamed of his late heat, and standing behind him said, hesitatingly :

'May I say what I was going to add ? I didn't know of Donovan's presence on the ship, and had I, I'd have shunned him like the typhus ; and I never so much as heard of Jacobin clubs at Hamburg.'

Mr. Clerk looked back over his shoulder at him :

'You never heard the toast—"May the blood of the aristocrats flow and democracy swim upon the stream" ?'

'On my honour, I hear it now first from you, Mr. Sheriff.'

'Well, you must abide by your papers now. Personally, I sincerely hope I'll find nothing to your hurt. I wish you'd not spoke



as you did, without that . . . ' He threw open the lid of the box . . . 'and I hope to God you don't write as foolishly as you speak, or it may be . . . a very unpleasant business.' Campbell came a little nearer; he spoke hesitatingly and with obvious anxiety:

'You are very good, Mr. Sheriff. . . . Er—must you look at everything, by the bye? There are one or two papers that . . .'

*'Everything, with no omissions, Sir.'*

Mr. Clerk had begun to unpack the box. It contained an almost dandified collection of clothes for a poet. First, a white cloth waistcoat and a plum-coloured coat with brass buttons; then another waistcoat, this time of a pale lemon colour; next three books. Mr. Clerk read their titles: "'The poems of Ossian, translated by James Macpherson"; "Wilhelm Tell, Schiller"; "Kant's Philosophy." So the young men still read Ossian!'

The unpacking continued—a pair of knee-breeches and some silk stockings, a pair of hessian boots with green tassels, then a large bundle of letters.

"Letters from Richardson to me at Ratisbon." Who is Richardson, Mr. Campbell?

'Oh, my friend, a poet too.' Mr. Clerk looked at a letter at random.

'They seem written in a very disturbed style!'

'Yes, they were in reply to some letters of mine that had made him anxious. I was in very low spirits.'

'May I ask the reason of your bad spirits? . . . If it's a private matter you can tell me now . . . save having it dragged out later.'

'I . . . I am deeply grateful for your sensibility, Sir,' Campbell answered in a voice which he tried to render composed. 'No, it was nothing private—only I saw a number of men killed. I saw Klanau's cavalry charge the French. They opened a park of artillery just under the ramparts where I stood. . . . I saw some men killed that drove carts for the wounded—why, they were no farther than the end of this room.' He shuddered. 'It was rather horrible to see them; one young man was shot . . . fell from his wagon and the wheel went over his face, crushed all his mouth in . . . he was not dead and he shrieked . . . and then a moment after the whole front rank was mown down by the artillery—horses and all . . . you see, in battle, men are seldom quite killed when they fall so, and sometimes the ranks behind have to advance. . . . I was ill afterwards and it haunted me. . . . That was all. I'd rather not speak of it, if you please.'

'Thank you, that's quite satisfactory.'

There was a pause; the final layer of the little trunk had been reached. Suddenly Campbell, who had been watching the Sheriff's movements intently, bent down and pointed at a little bundle of papers which lay in one corner of the trunk.

'Those are the papers, Sir. Could you please let me have them back unexamined? They're not of the slightest importance to anyone but me . . . if you could . . . ' Mr. Clerk answered him impatiently, taking the papers out:

'Mr. Campbell, ye must see that that's quite impossible.' He began to unfold them. 'They're not letters! "The Exile of Erin," what's this . . . ?'

But Campbell, who had been dancing in an agony of impatience, could restrain himself no longer, and made a motion to snatch the papers from Mr. Clerk as he read. Mr. Clerk, incensed, pushed him back roughly.

'Kindly behave yourself, Mr. Campbell; and pray remember you're under arrest. I am surprised you should force me to remind you of this, Sir! Do you want me to call my officers to restrain you by force?'

Campbell turned away and went and stood by the fireplace, ready to cry with vexation. The Sheriff continued to read the papers, his face expressing a growing surprise.

'But they're only poems!!'

Campbell averted his head as though in an agony:

'Oh, I can't bear you to see them. Of course they're "*only poems*,"—no use to you at all.'

Mr. Clerk read on:

'One of them remarkably good, too!!'

Campbell was on the rack.

'But they're not half finished! Oh, I can't bear anyone to see them so!' Mr. Clerk had not heard him: he was deeply immersed. At last he rose to his feet, and pulling a candle towards him he exclaimed:

'But this is very fine indeed! . . . Just you listen to this!'

Quite oblivious of his auditor, he launched whole-hearted into the poem:

"Ye Mariners of England!

That guard our native seas;

Whose flag has braved a thousand years

The battle and the breeze;

Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep;  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

“The spirits of your Fathers . . .”

Campbell, who had come near and was looking over his shoulder, interrupted him with a gentle, eager insinuation:

‘No, not quite like that, Sir—in this verse the metre should be more insistent—more so . . .’ He took up the verse, giving an additional poise and swoop to the rhythm:

“The spirits of your Fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And ocean was their grave;  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson bled  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow.

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep;”

—That’s the Martello towers, Mr. Sheriff:

“Her march is o’er the ocean wave,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below,  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

“The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger’s troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors! . . .”

—and the next has to be altered, Sir.  
 Mr. Clerk was carried away.

'By God! I think that's the finest piece of patriotism in the language! "The meteor flag of England!" Indeed, that's most inspired.' He wrung the young man's hand. 'Get a thing like that popular; it might well put new spirit into half the fleet.'

'Then you do think it inspiring, Mr. Sheriff?' Campbell asked eagerly. 'I felt I'd done something for my country when I wrote that poem.'

'Oh, indeed ye have! I take back all I said about that. . . I confess, it moves me deeply . . . You've dipped your pen in the blue water, I think . . . By heaven, I'll send a copy of it to my son William directly, that commands the cutter *Thrush*! He shall read it to his whole ship's company! It's so proud.'

Campbell flushed with pleasure.

'Then you really do think so well of it? You gratify me immeasurably.'

'Oh, very fine indeed.'

Mr. Clerk walked over toward the fireplace. He was endeavouring to recover his equanimity. There was a moment's pause; then he continued:

'Now perhaps you're wondering what I'm going to do about the treason question? Well, Mr. Campbell, I'm going to do a very singular thing.' He spoke impressively. 'On my own responsibility. I'm going to set you unconditionally at liberty.'

Campbell answered him haltingly:

'I'm afraid after all I've said you must have a very poor opinion of . . . But the poem expresses much better what I really . . .'

'Pray let me proceed with my judgment.' Mr. Clerk smiled a little whimsically as he spoke: 'Did you ever hear of what we lawyers call "Testimony to Character"? My first point is that that poem pleads trumpet-tongued for your character. My second that you might have expiated even a grave offence by such a piece of patriotism'—then in a little aside from his judicial manner—'besides, I'll have no hand in hurting a lad that's done a thing like that for his country.' He resumed his half-ironic gravity. 'I've precedent for my decision, too; Alexander spared the house of Pindar—you remember, Mr. Campbell?—Charles II. spared Milton for less immediate merit. They only increased the world's comprehension and knowledge . . . and you've as good as added a line-of-battle ship to the British navy. . . . But read me your "evidence" again, Sir!'

'You touch and gratify me inexpressibly, Sir. . . . I can't say

what I feel of your good opinion of my poem : I will read it with the greatest pleasure.'

'Oh, by the bye!' Mr. Clerk went to the door and called, 'Alison! Alison!'

Campbell was enchanted.

'Oh, do you really think the young lady? . . . Indeed a double pleasure . . .'

'So he wasn't too busy to notice the young lady,' thought Mr. Clerk. He continued aloud, 'She's a very great admiration for your poems, Mr. Campbell.'

Alison came in; her father held out his hand to her.

'Dear Alison, I want to introduce Mr. Campbell. . . . Mr. Campbell, my daughter.' They bowed and curtsied; Alison looked slyly up at her father:

'Do you know, Papa, I believe Mr. Campbell and I have met already! It was you, was it not, that showed me the most complacent civility with my luggage on the boat to Leith? I didn't know to whom I was indebted, though.'

Campbell was visibly gratified; he bowed.

'Indeed, Madam, it was my good fortune. . . . It was from Miss Alison Clerk's lips, Sir, I first learnt of the painful circumstances that . . . that . . . that in fact brought me here this evening.'

'Then you're not only a patriot, but a friend of the family, I see. But really, Alison, Mr. Campbell's written a noble poem, a proud poem . . . and as for the warrant, I'm going to tear it up and . . .'

Campbell looked almost appealingly at Alison.

'Should you care to hear the verses? I was just going to read it to . . .'

'By the bye,' said Mr. Clerk hospitably, 'will you not have some wine first, Mr. Campbell? or'—he put his hand on the bell by the fireplace—'my daughter could make you some tea in a moment.'

The poet's face fell.

'You're very kind, but if . . . I would sooner . . .'

Alison came to the rescue.

'Oh, Mr. Campbell! You shall drown yourself in tea afterwards, but may I entreat you to read the poem first? To hear the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" read a new poem . . .!'

'I am absolutely at your command. Shall I begin at once?'

He made a declamatory gesture:

'"Ye Mariners of England . . ."'

AMABEL STRACHEY.

## OF SUNDRY INNS ABROAD.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

I SLEPT the solitary guest of three hundred bedrooms once, sole visitor to Marlotte in its sunny winter, with forty thousand forest acres for demesne and seignior, as mine and mine alone. Lodged thus, upon the edge of that vast wilderness, I became the cynosure of native wonder ; and even the experienced winter waiter at the inn was inclined to regard me with a wild surmise. For what indeed *could* have led an Englishman, even an Englishman, to quit Paris for the Forest in February, so long before the earliest possible Easter season could begin !

The rational French mind admires while it deplures the well-known madness of the English ; but here was one of them come to an empty caravansary in winter, companionless, with nobody's wife to account for his visit, not even his own ! Could I be a spy ?—the artillery practise in the Forest. I might be an Anarchist ; or craftily, dangerously demented ? Therefore the waiter led the way each night with a distant caution, guiding me to a bedroom I could never have found for myself, with his candle and himself well ahead of me and mine, lest in the vanishing, reflux darkens of those wandering corridors I might leap upon him homicidally, and leave his body the stark tenant of one of the two hundred and ninety-nine other rooms.

My coachman for the Forest had no such fear of me, however ; I seemed to him a harmless, honest innocent, whom any person of heart must needs pity and protect. Therefore he urged me to use a shut landau, or at least to wear the hood upon the victoria ; and buckling the leathern apron tightly, he carefully strait-waist-coated me in. Also he urged that the Forest being as dull as it was leafless just then, I had much better let him conduct me daily to the delights of that gay and metropolitan city Fontainebleau. Upon my explaining that I wished to visit Barbizon rather, he allowed that the adventure was feasible ; but he could not consent that Monsieur should descend at the Hotel of Distinguished Visitors there, he said, for they would empty Monsieur's purse. No indeed, but at the 'Last Halfpenny' I should descend, where they had

some pity on simple foreigners—the 'Last Ha'penny' should be my inn, should it not? 'Va pour le "Dernier Sou"!' I said, and 'Hep, Cocotte!' said he to his brindled horse. And thereupon, wheels scintillating in the windy sunlight, we drove along deserted forest drives towards the smallest inn at Barbizon.

Madame of the 'Last Halfpenny' came jumping out of her kitchen in amaze. Here actually was a victoria turning in under the archway, and here was I, obviously a visitor, getting down into the courtyard and demanding a meal. Ah, mon Dieu, and no fire in the parlour! Mon Dieu, Monsieur had finely caught the 'Last Ha'penny' by surprise! But what would you?—so long before Easter? If Monsieur had delayed the honour of his coming! Though never mind—Monsieur would first go and inspect a villa or two, wouldn't he?—for of course it was to hire a villa for the summer that Monsieur had come to Barbizon? And then in a small quarter of an hour a meal not totally unworthy of the 'Dernier Sou' should be ready for Monsieur! The one street of Barbizon is long and forthright, but only one person was visible to me in it, and he at sight of me was quite sure what my business at Barbizon must be. I had come to hire a summer villa, of course; so he ran into a house and came out again in fifty seconds, swinging a bunch of front-door keys. His sleeved waistcoat gave him a horsey look, but he was a kind of concierge to the village: I had done well to come so early in the year, he said, for all the best villas were unlet so far, and he could show and hire to me any I pleased. When I said that the villa I wished to inspect was the *maison de Corot*, 'Which was that, then?' he demanded. He knew every house in Barbizon, he did, and there was no Villa Corot, nor ever had been; would I see the Villa Adalgisa, or Les Glycines?

Back at the 'Dernier Sou,' one found the parlour warm; white table and chair set near a jovial blaze of logs; tall bottles and that delectable overture the *hors d'œuvre* very appetisingly displayed—coffee and all for three francs, by the bye, as I was to discover; Madame had been as good as her word. But she failed me when I asked her which had been Corot's villa. 'Corot?' she asked wonderingly. 'But surely, Madame—' I had found the villa of Millet, I told her, the villa of Rousseau also, and eke the villa of Diaz: Daubigny's (appropriate name!) I had forgotten to look for, but—where, oh where, was the *maison de Corot*? Mon dieu, no, Madame had never heard of a great painter of that name, no—but she would ask her husband next course—her



husband knew all the proverbs, always ! He was cooking for me, on the other side of the courtyard, and she smilingly returned with the next course. Yes, indeed, Monsieur was right, there did use to be an artist-painter, name of Corot. But never had he owned a villa—he descended at inns. I like to think that he may have descended at the ‘*Dernier Sou*’—which is not the true name of the inn, by the bye—and I have sat at table where he did ; but it is disconcerting for a pilgrim to Barbizon to speak with the only two inhabitants visible and learn that neither had heard of Corot.

They have heard of Marie Antoinette at the ‘*Crooked Horn*’ in the Höllenthal : at that *chalet* like a big wooden toy lodged on a ledge in a dark cleft they have heard of the tragical queen. The ‘*Crooked Horn*’ is frail, it is nearly all roof and window, it is wedged in betwixt a torrent and a precipice, it lives in a roar of sound, and you get the sensation that it and you are being swept away into a gulf. But isolate as this inn is from the world in general, they have heard of Marie Antoinette there, because she travelled down the Höllenthal in 1770, on her way towards France—a tenebrous journey, the shadows gathering early upon her in that ravine. And imagination sees her young face at the berline window, torchlight glowing upon her ardent hair.

There is also an inn at Freiburg where they wot of Marie Antoinette, for she was pleased to give it the proud name of ‘*The Dauphin*’ at a banquet which she graced by her presence there. But the name has been changed for these hundred and twenty years. The old rooms are little altered, however, and coming thither hungry and tired, out of the Black Forest, say, you may dine and sleep there well : and there in the morning I wish you the chambermaid I opened my door to, and her exquisitely modulated *Guten Morgen!* as she brought in the boots and the jug. Had Marie Antoinette been bred a Quakeress as well as an Archduchess, and had she, a widow, escaped the guillotine, buried her children, become somewhat of a mystic, and refined into a good deal of a saint, she might have spoken and smiled with such a grave sweetness and simple dignity of mien as that elderly chambermaid did : but then, the common people in that part of Germany have manners that put a Prussian *junker’s* to shame. If Marie Antoinette could have borne herself as that chambermaid did, there might have been no Terror : I hope it was not in satire that when Louis the ex-Dauphin had been beheaded they renamed the inn ‘*zum Kopf*.’

Goethe, alighting at the 'Ghost Inn,' Strasburg, about the time when Marie Antoinette was approaching that city from Freiburg, saw omens, and augured. He noted her 'beauteous and lofty mien, perfectly visible to us all as she was in her glass carriage'; but he had visited the pavilion prepared for her reception, and when the news of the Fall of the Bastille came shouting across the Rhine and up the valleys to Weimar, he would remember the symbols he had seen. For the chief saloon in the pavilion had been hung with tapestries representing 'a subject extremely revolting, the history of Jason, Medea, and Creusa, and therefore of a most unhappy marriage and a horrible death.' Did no architect or decorator among the French understand that pictures work upon the mind and the feelings, he demanded—that they cause impressions and excite forebodings? 'It was as if the French had sent the most ghastly of spectres to meet this lovely and pleasure-loving lady at the entrance to her new realm!' Thus he reflected that night, as he supped at the 'Ghost Inn.'

There are inns I know on the Queen's other route, her way of attempted escape from her realm; but for the moment let me remember the 'Herzogliches Haus,' the inn at which Goethe descended when he arrived, a young jurist, at Wetzlar. You may still sleep there (as he would do) in a vast bedchamber that was furnished during the middle eighteenth century, and has never been refitted. A seventeenth-century latch, as long as your arm and heavier, secures the bedroom door outside, but there is no inner lock nor bolt; and three or four moth-eaten skins, of animals that died before Goethe did, are the only carpeting of the uneven, knot-worn floor. As to the 'Geist,' Goethe's inn at Strasburg, if it has not been pulled down the name of it has been changed. Many changes of local names into 'Englischer Hof' took place soon after the year 1760; to attract the thousand carriages of English milords who scoured the highways west of Austria every considerable town must have its 'Hôtel d'Angleterre': that was the name of Dessein's famous inn at Calais, in the year 1767. In the year 1664 a system of post-houses had been established in France, and many of them were inns; so that 'Hôtel de la Poste' is an older name than 'Hôtel d'Angleterre.' The name of 'Ghost' for a hostel is older still; it dates back as far as 'The Trip to Jerusalem' does at Nottingham—to the days of the great pilgrimages to famous shrines, or indeed of the Crusades; in France you may still put up at an inn of the 'Holy Ghost,' and even of the 'High Mother of God.' When

railways began to ramify, hotels *de la Poste* became less numerous, some of them putting up the new signboard of 'Hôtel d'Angleterre.' But in the smaller places the tradition is still justified that you may most comfortably eat and house at the 'Hôtel de la Poste.'

Upon the Queen's route of escape from Paris towards Strasburg, the Höllenthal, and Austria, there is a little town called Sainte Menehould; it was part of her ill-fortune that the office of post-master there was not held by the local innkeeper. For if the Royal fugitives had dined at his inn while they waited the relay, the courtesy and cupidity of Boniface would have furthered, not checked, their flight. But there was no 'Hôtel de la Poste' at Sainte Menehould; the town was tiny, and the next stage, to Clermont in the Argonne Forest, was short. Post stages varied from two to five leagues in extent; Herblay, for instance, was three leagues distant from Courbevoie, four from St. Denis, and two and a-half from Pontoise. At Pontoise and St. Denis the post-house stables were kept well stocked with relays of horses, and there was no need for travellers to wait at an inn, or for the horses which brought them to take them farther on. Had this not been so at Sainte Menehould also the Queen might have escaped from France.

Compared with the prose of travel by railway, the old prose of travel by postchaise has come to seem poetry and romance; the old road-books are documents of imagination now, though they must have been tedious enough in their time. It is at Auray in Brittany that you best realise to-day what a hotel *de la Poste* must have been in 1791; the stables still form the lower storey of the courtyard, and above them the galleries, or wooden cloisters, still lead to the guest-chambers which form the upper storey—it is the stage-coach inn as Sam Weller knew it in Southwark and Holborn, later on. And here are the heavy gates, to defend the horses and the travellers from thieves by night. Something of this you may see at the 'Hôtel de Bordeaux' at Brives-la-Gaillarde also. At night in those times a posting-inn almost resembled a fortified place.

But most of the buildings have been altered, as well as the names; security is taken for granted now, though the *rat d'hôtel*, or apparently well-to-do client, may sneak into bedrooms and rob while the other guests are at dinner. Comfort has degenerated into showy luxury, and the toothsome *cuisine bourgeoise* of the past into the infernal chemistry of the cosmopolitan kitchen; instead of the efficient old *chef*, so often the landlord himself, certificated

cooks so sauce and denaturalise the food that all dishes taste alike. The hotels *d'Angleterre* die out, as one has done at Strasburg lately, or are rechristened to attract the custom of *junkers* and Yankees—the 'Kaiserhof' or the 'Majestic Palace Hotel' is now the sign. And in many a 'Hotel Germania' the newly rich from Rhenish Prussia sit at table in dinner-jackets and diamonds, some of them carefully pocket-combing their beards and moustaches over the damask, just before the soup.

But the inn at Varennes is still called the 'Grand Monarque,' as it was under Louis XIV. And still at military manœuvre time you may come upon Hussars quartered there, as Hussars were, in vain, when the berline with Marie Antoinette and her stupid husband in it came blundering down the dark fetid street. I can imagine no worse rat-hole than Varennes, for a king and queen to be trapped in; nor any fiercer terrier than their pursuer, Drouet. The 'Grand Monarque' and Louis XVI. !—at Varennes the extremes of French royalty met.

Did Goethe think of this, a year later, I wonder, when he came to the camp at Valmy, so near to Varennes? Varennes and Valmy!—the end of the old dispensation, the beginning of the new. At Valmy the inn is bankrupt; you cannot eat there, though the wild free air of the upland have edged your appetite never so much. The wind in the terraced valley of Valmy will sound to you like echoes of the famous cannonade, and the bark of distant sheep-dogs like commands by choleric colonels; but if you ask the cloaked shepherd, sole owner of the scene, by which avenue the Prussians debouched, or the troops of Dumouriez came up, he cannot tell you: a lonely pastoral figure he stands, and you wonder if ever there *was* a battle, a world-shaking battle, around those grassy knolls? All the reliefs of the landscape seem flattened; could that low mound have baffled the charge of giant Prussian grenadiers? *Did* Goethe gallop into a baptism of fire here, the bullets singing as the linnets yonder do now? Impossible, you think—the world is full of traces, but from Valmy the very windmill is gone. Nothing is visible now but a lonesome shepherd watching starveling sheep. And the *baa-a* sounds like 'bah!' to the past.

You must journey on to Sainte Menehould for a meal and a bed, but at Sainte Menehould you come upon a trace of Victor Hugo, who found comfort at the inn 'St. Nicolas,' and told the world so in his book on the Rhine. Yet the spot to seek at Sainte

Meneshould is that part of the street which peeps through an archway at stables, the word *Postes* still legible on the lintel of the arch. Up to this spot the Royal berline came lumbering, in the sunset that led on to the night of Varennes. Carlyle's account of the Royal flight is more romantic than accurate, but here the epic vein itself would be in place; for here the omens of twenty years began to be justified, dread gathering around that carriage as the townsfolk did, and, as it were, the Strasburg tapestries dithering again, in the evening breeze.

'Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from the village'—you may hear the like of it still in the evening quiet of Sainte Meneshould; there has been so little change in a hundred and twenty-three years that you can stage the scene again exactly. See how the peasants, coming in from their bits of field salute the monster berline, that evidence of wealth; and 'a Lady in a gypsy-hat responds, with a grace peculiar to her.' Also a captain watches anxiously; he holds aloof, not betraying himself to be the outpost of the Hussar escort waiting at Varennes five leagues away. Therefore he is 'sauntering with a face of indifference,' though his heart is 'eaten of black care,' for the escape is late, hours late. 'Curled disdainful mustachio; careless glance—which however surveys the village groups and does not like them.' Therefore 'with his eye he bespeaks the yellow courier, Be quick, be quick!'

For 'Drouet, master of the Post here, an acrid, choleric man, steps out and steps in, with his long flowing night-gown, in the level sunlight, prying,' and the evening breeze begins to strengthen from a sigh into a sigh, and into such a sound as the wind has upon the plateau of Valmy. Drouet still pries and peers: 'That Lady in the slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the carriage, does she not resemble some one?' And that foolish-looking, corpulent gentleman in the round hat and peruke—why, his face is as like the face on the new paper-money as one pea is like another? The captain sighs with relief as the berline rolls away slowly upon the hilly highroad, but soon there is a scutter of hoofs as Drouet gallops off to Varennes by another route, the hypotenuse of the triangle. And Marie Antoinette shall not return to Strasburg and the Höllenthal, nor escape any farther than the rat-hole at Varennes.

Varennes and Valmy—there is a V in every human palm, that is said to be the mark of destiny; V-shaped was the axe of the guillotine, and it had an acute hypotenuse of its own. These are

mere symbols, but all is symbol, and it is hard not to be a sentimental traveller when you wander in such haunts of Destiny as these.

'If anything could grind us young again it would be the wheels of a postchaise,' Leigh Hunt declared; and they were wheels of fortune and gaiety often. 'If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a postchaise with a pretty woman,' said Dr. Johnson—even he! And these are sighs often breathed in connection with touring-cars to-day; they are the renewed and perpetuated utterance of the romantic and the vagabondish in us—and a plague on it that they so seldom are realised. Even virtue like Dr. Johnson's may flex and budge when it thinks of how the Marquis of Steyne went 'driving briskly in a postchaise' up to the 'Aquila d'Oro' at Mantua, say, with two or three pretty women, and three or four *fourgons* in his train filled with old paintings, marqueterie panels, majolica, and shocked wooden saints of the fifteenth century, the spoils of his purse; all bought (the pretty women also) 'for a song.'

The romance of the road is unending, but I think 'mine ease at mine inn' is best found beside some more silent highway, to wit a gently moving river that conveys the babble and bubble of the wake and the plash of the oar to your ear. What rest and quiet you may have of an evening at your inn by the river's edge! The moon streams silver upon the Moselle, the Garonne, or the Indre for you, and the stars peep down at themselves in that long mirror tremblingly, as if shy to see or be seen. O gleams more brilliant than any diamond studs of any munching Herr from Prussia! O nap and napery of moonlit water more white than any damask! O silence of twilight (that pretty woman), under the kiss of night! Dining late, upon the terrace, in the open, the candles near you make darker the immediate bank of the Loire, the Adige, or the Ebro; and out of that rapt gloom strolling voices reach you, half heard, half mystical, as if from couples who wander in dream.

Give me the inn by the water, some stream almost as placid as a lake: I was born too late in the annals of travel—why could not I have voyaged in the *coche* or the *bateau de plaisance* upon French rivers, or have drawled along in the passenger-barge upon the Brenta; stepping ashore in the moonrise, at the twinkling, welcoming inn? But something of that delight of eighteenth-century travel one may capture still. If, making a pilgrimage to



the shrines of the wonderful wooden saints that Tilman Remenschneider sculptured four hundred years ago, you come to Würzburg, do not put up at the 'Deutscher Kaiser' or other modern inn near the dusty, noisy railway-station, but deep in the old city rather, at the 'Schwan' on the silent quay beside the flowing Main. For a certain empty grandeur dignifies this old hostel; its past still communes with it, and the hill, the river, and the statued old bridge give beauty and nobility to its situation; from the other bank the shadow of the Marienberg softly falls, a triangle of umber laced by amber ripples; a great peony of sunset blossoms presently, beyond the bridge; and skiffs drift past, and soon all is black and yellow, for the moon comes up to grin at you, and the voices of moonstruck lovers strolling are softly gay; so that there you rest, in a peace that passeth all understanding, not needing to be explained or justified, but simply to be enjoyed. Somehow, too, one always dines well at an inn beside a river; as you do at Cochem, or, for another German instance, at Wertheim on the Main.

It must be a simple, old-fashioned hostel, however; not a place for rich *junkers* and Yankees, but such as the postchaise and the milord knew. The fool hath said in his heart 'I will stop at the "Terminus" or the "Grand" or the "Splendid" only'; it is not the termini, but the intermediate, the seldom visited places that can charm you best—it is not the grand nor the splendid, but the homely, that can give you joy. And I protest that the sundry inns—'zum Kopf,' 'Hôtel de Bordeaux,' and 'Schwan' for instance—are khans on the wandering route which no standard of refinement or comfort need shun.



## AN OLD HERBALIST : FUCHS OF THE FUCHSIA.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A.,

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ONE morning, a few years since, I was working in the botanical department of the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, when the Keeper of Botany came to where I was sitting and whispered that when I was disengaged he had an old book to show me. Crossing over into one of the window recesses, he produced a folio copy of the first edition of Fuchs' 'History of Plants,' published at Basle in the year 1542. It was, he said, the most magnificent herbal ever published, and placing it on a desk he proceeded to show me the exquisite woodcuts. I had never seen the work before, and was naturally delighted with its beauty and interest. Mr. Britten suggested that I should write an article on the herbal, to which, he said, adequate justice had never been done.

It was difficult, however, to write an appreciation of a folio volume of nine hundred pages, enriched with over five hundred full-page illustrations, without some further opportunity for careful study, and at the time such opportunity did not present itself. The book is a very scarce one, and probably but few copies are to be found in England; and the suggestion, therefore, of the Keeper of Botany for the time fell to the ground.

It came to pass, however, that some years later I was appointed to a Residentiary Canonry at Winchester, and ferreting one winter's afternoon in the dark recesses of the Cathedral library, which contains little beyond ponderous works of theology, I discovered, to my amazement and delight, a copy of the same herbal which had excited my admiration in the British Museum some years before. How it came to be in such strange and solemn company there was nothing to show. But there it was, resting against an obsolete tome of seventeenth-century theology—Fuchs' botanical masterpiece, *De Historia Stirpium*, the first edition, in folio, written in Latin, and containing the same magnificent illustrations. The recollection of Mr. James Britten's suggestion at once came back to me; and lifting up the heavy volume, bound in the original oak boards, I carried it across the Close to my Prebendal quarters.

No wonder that Mr. Britten praised it. The work is, beyond question, the most splendid, by reason of its superb and original woodcuts, of the many herbals which appeared in Germany, in England, in Switzerland, in Italy, in the Low Countries, during the revival of learning in the sixteenth century.

Leonhard Fuchs was born at Memmingen, in Bavaria, in the year 1501, and at the early age of thirteen is said to have graduated as B.A. at the University of Erfurt. He afterwards studied at Ingolstadt, where he took a doctor's degree, and eventually became Professor of Medicine in the University. At Ingolstadt he fell under the influence of Luther's writings, and became, like so many of the Renaissance botanists, a stout Protestant. During a terrible epidemic which swept over Germany in 1529 he became widely known for his successful treatment of the disease; and it is interesting to remember that this fame even extended to our shores, for later on there was published in London a little work of instructions against the plague, entitled 'A worthy practise of the moste learned Phisition Maister Leonerd Fuchsius, Doctor in Phisicke, most necessary in this needfull tyme of our visitation, for the comforte of all good and faythfull people, both olde and yonge, both for the sicke and for them that woulde avoyde the daunger of contagion.' In the year 1535 he was appointed to a professorship at the University of Tübingen, which had just adopted the Reformed Faith, and there he remained until his death in 1566. In spite of his untiring activity, alike as a professor and as a physician, he yet found time for botanical studies; and in 1542 his great Latin Herbal appeared from the well-known printing-press of Michael Isingrin of Basle. It was followed in the succeeding year by a German edition, also in folio, and with the same woodcuts, over 500 in number, of which about 400 are illustrations of indigenous German plants and 100 of foreign species. Shortly afterwards, in 1545, Isingrin printed an octavo edition of the Herbal with the same illustrations on a reduced scale. It is interesting to call to mind that, in honour of our botanist, the name of *Fuchsia* has been given to one of the handsomest of garden flowers.

No doubt it is the beauty of the illustrations that has rendered Fuchs' Herbal so justly famous. Indeed their superlative merit is generally recognised. 'Fuchs' splendid figures,' says Professor Von Sachs, 'remain unsurpassed.' 'They represent,' writes Mrs. Agnes Arber in her fascinating book on 'Herbals,' 'the high-water mark of that type of botanical drawing which seeks to express

the individual character and habit of each species.' While not remarkable for their minute scientific accuracy, such as we should expect to find in modern drawings—though even in this respect they often reach a high botanical level—they probably surpass in artistic quality,' says Mr. Miall, 'any long series of botanical figures that has ever been published.' It is this artistic quality that renders the figures so attractive. Even such a prosaic species as the wild cabbage is seen to possess an intrinsic beauty. Sometimes, as in the case of the hop, the bryony, and the wild pea, the figures are arranged in a highly decorative manner so as to cover the entire folio sheet. Other woodcuts, such as those of the herb-paris, the two hellebores, the wild peony, the *cyperus* or galingale, the wild garlic, and the yellow horned-poppy, are of quite extraordinary beauty. It is interesting, too, to know not only the names but the appearance of the artists who produced such excellent work. Very rarely is such information vouchsafed in works of this kind, but Leonhard Fuchs was clearly not unmindful of the assistance he had received from those who produced the illustrations. In addition to a fine full-paged portrait of the author, represented as holding a spray of *veronica* in his hand, which forms the frontispiece, there will be found at the end of the volume the named portraits of his three assistants—viz. the two draughtsmen, Heinrich Fullmauret and Albertus Mayer—who are seen copying a plant from nature, and the engraver, Vitus Rudolphus Specklin or Speckle, who cut the wood-blocks. In the preface to his Herbal Fuchs thus generously acknowledges their labours: 'Vitus Rudolphus Specklin, by far the best engraver of Strasburg, has admirably copied the wonderful industry of the draughtsmen, and has with such excellent craft expressed in his engraving the features of each drawing that he seems to have contended with the draughtsmen for glory and victory.'

The drawings are in outline only, with little or no shading, the work of colouring being left, as was mostly the case in similar works of this period, to the owner of the volume. The beauty of the woodcuts was at once recognised, and succeeding publishers were not slow to make use of them. Indeed the illustrations of the octavo edition were freely pirated, and became familiar in England through their reproduction in the 'Herball' of Dr. Turner, Dean of Wells, 'the Father of English Botany,' and also in Lyte's 'Niewe Herball,' published a few years later.

But while the main glory of Fuchs' Herbal is to be found in

the engravings, the letterpress shows a distinct advance on previous botanical writings. The descriptions of plants, especially in the German edition, are for the period remarkably good, and moreover the Latin edition possesses a glossary of technical terms which is the first of its kind known in botanical literature. Many of these explanations are of distinct interest, as when he compares an *umbel* to the parasol or umbrella which ladies are wont to carry to keep off the heat and glare of the sun. The arrangement of species in the Herbal is alphabetical, according to the Greek names of the genera; and sometimes, after the manner of the age, plants are associated which have no scientific relationship. Thus the violet and the dame's violet are placed together, and the grass of Parnassus is reckoned among the grasses. The original edition opens with a most interesting Latin preface, from which it is abundantly clear that with Leonhard Fuchs the pursuit of botany was one of intense personal pleasure. Unfortunately the preface is wanting in our Cathedral copy of the Herbal, but I may venture to quote the following passage from Mrs. Arber's excellent translation:

'But there is no reason why I should dilate at greater length upon the pleasantness and delight of acquiring knowledge of plants, since there is no one who does not know that there is nothing in this life pleasanter and more delightful than to wander over woods, mountains, plains, garlanded and adorned with flowerets and plants of various sorts, and most elegant to boot, and to gaze intently upon them. But it increases that pleasure and delight not a little if there be added an acquaintance with the virtues and powers of those same plants.'

In turning to our Cathedral copy of Fuchs' Herbal, which possesses the original oak boards, it is interesting to find that, as was so frequently the case with the early printers, some vellum leaves of a Latin manuscript have been employed in binding, both at the beginning and end of the volume. It is also noticeable that our woodcuts have been coloured, and coloured in the most accurate and artistic manner. So excellently has the work been done that it is hardly possible to believe that the illustrations are hand-painted. And the colouring is as scientifically correct as the general appearance is artistic. It is clearly the work of one who had no mean botanical knowledge. The whole of the 500 folio engravings of plants are painted, and so are the portraits of Fuchs and his assistants, and the printer's mark at the

end of the volume, consisting of the well-known holly-tree with a slab and the words *Palma. Ising.* But what gives our Cathedral copy a special and peculiar interest is the fact that shortly after its publication in 1542 it must have come into the possession of an English botanist, who proceeded to write beneath the folio engraving of each species the English equivalent of the Latin and German names. The handwriting almost certainly belongs to the sixteenth century, and was the work of a skilled scribe. It possesses considerable distinction of style, and was written either with a reed-pen or with a broad-nibbed quill. From these English synonyms we get at first hand a knowledge of the popular names of many British plants in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is interesting to find that, in a large number of instances, the names remain unchanged. At first sight they may appear strange to us, in their singular 'court-hand' dress and sixteenth-century orthography, but we soon recognise some well-known friends. Thus, to mention but a few instances, we meet with bryorye (bryony), mugewort (mugwort), mader (madder), borage, maretayll (mare's tail), betonye, penye wort (pennywort), mother worte (motherwort), sanicle, great and little cellandyne (celandine), gots berde (goat's beard), hensbayne or cowebayne (henbane), fewmetrye (fumitory), eivye (ivy), spurge, houndstonge, wodebynde (woodbine), and many other familiar names.

But perhaps a deeper interest is attached to those sixteenth-century names of British plants which have now become obsolete among us. The yellow flag, so common on the banks of our streams and ditches, is called the 'gladyon,' and its first cousin the blue iris, 'the blewe flore de lyis.' The great hellebore, which still flourishes at Selborne, is known, as it was to Gilbert White, as 'the berefot' (bear's foot). Colymbine is 'cumbells'; and the lily of the valley is 'the great parke lyllye.' The very rare blue pimpernel is called the 'faemayll pympernell' (female pimpernel) to distinguish it from the common red species; I once found this lovely little plant beneath a pear-tree in John Ray's old garden at Black Notley in Essex, and I notice that he calls it 'the blew-flower'd or Female Pimpernel' in his classical *Synopsis* of British plants. It is strange to find beneath a beautiful woodcut of the snowdrop the words 'the wyld whit violet.' The choice sweet-scented *Daphne mezereum* is named the 'wyld laurell,' and the butcher's-broom the 'reed laurell.' Very few species of British ferns are mentioned by Fuchs, but there are fine engravings of

the adder's-tongue and the moonwort; and it is interesting to notice that our unknown English botanist calls the one 'serpent-tonge' (serpent's-tongue), and the other 'lunary the less.' The cowslip he calls a 'pagle,' a name by which the plant is still known in the eastern counties. The purple *colchicum* or meadow-saffron he names 'the wyld purple lillye'; and the rare martagon lily, a fine clump of which I found in a Hampshire wood last summer, is 'the purple daffodyll.' The different species of *orchis* were hardly discriminated in the sixteenth century, and many strange names were in popular use. Indeed, as one old herbalist says, the order 'has almost as many several names attributed to the several sorts of it as would fill a sheet of paper, too tedious to rehearse.' It is interesting to notice that our botanist calls them 'fox cods,' a name rarely met with in English herbals. He thus distinguishes 'great fox cods,' 'small fox cods,' 'great foemayll (female) fox cods,' 'triple fox cods,' both 'mayll' and 'foemayll.'

It would lend an additional interest to our Cathedral copy of Fuchs' Herbal if we could trace its 'pedigree.' That it is a first edition of the magnificent *De Historia Stirpium*, printed by Isingrin of Basle, and published in the year 1542, is of course certain; and that it found its way over to England shortly after its publication seems also clear. But who coloured the woodcuts; who wrote the English names on the fine folio pages beneath the illustrations; whose liberality bequeathed the precious volume to the Cathedral library? On these points no certain answer can be given. If, however, the English names were added at Winchester I should be bold enough to venture a suggestion. That the writing is by a sixteenth-century hand I feel pretty certain, and that the species were named by a competent botanist is beyond question. He was a man, too, of culture and learning, as the style of writing conclusively shows, and moreover a person of means, for the volume was no inexpensive one. Was there anyone, in the second half of the sixteenth century, connected with Winchester, above all with the Cathedral, whose tastes and scientific attainments would lead him to possess a copy of the great German botanist's splendid work? I think I have discovered such an individual. On March 15, 1549, one John Warner, M.D., was installed a Prebendary of the Cathedral. Dr. Warner was Warden of All Souls, Oxford, and had been appointed by Henry VIII. the first Regius Professor of Medicine in the University. Like almost all scientific men of the time, he was a sturdy Protestant, and during Queen Mary's reign was suspended from the wardenship



of All Souls. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Deanery of Winchester falling vacant through the resignation of Dr. Steward, who had been appointed by Queen Mary, and who doubtless shared her religious convictions, Prebendary Warner was at once nominated to the position. He was installed on October 15, 1559, and remained Dean of Winchester until his death in 1564. As Prebendary and as Dean Dr. Warner was thus associated with the Cathedral for fifteen years. As a Doctor of Medicine, in an age when herbalism was intimately connected with the art of healing, we should expect him to be interested in botany. And that he was so interested is shown beyond all manner of doubt by the discovery in the Cathedral library of a botanical work bearing his signature. It is a folio copy of *De Natura Stirpium* by Joannes Ruellius, a French physician, and published by Froben at Basle in 1537. The volume, which is without illustrations and was mainly intended to elucidate the writings of the ancient botanists, is in the original leather binding, with remains of the iron clasps, and with the iron rivet for a chain. It is also to be noticed that the famous printer Froben has utilised a Latin manuscript, as in the case of our Fuchs' Herbal, in the process of binding the volume. I wondered how this botanical treatise came to be in a theological library, and it was with a thrill of delight that I at length discovered the following inscription on one of the pages: '*Ex dono Do. Jo. Warneri nuper decani Wynton.*' I have also discovered a similar entry in a folio copy of Dioscorides *De Medica Materia*, published at Cologne in 1529: '*Liber Joannis Warneri.*' But for the Dean's name in Fuchs' Herbal I have searched the nine hundred pages in vain. Too much, however, must not be made of this fact. It was not the general custom among scholars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to inscribe their names in their books, and book-plates were almost unknown. And that Fuchs' Herbal would have strongly appealed to our botanical Dean must be allowed. Moreover, he must have heard of its publication from his contemporary Dr. Turner, the Dean of Wells. Dr. Turner was also a doctor of medicine, and though a Cambridge man had stayed up at Oxford when Dr. Warner was Warden of All Souls and Professor of Medicine 'for conversation of men and books,' and the two men in all probability must have met. At any rate they would know each other as the respective Deans of not far distant cathedrals. Dr. Turner, too, was a correspondent of Leonhard Fuchs, and moreover utilised his friends' woodcuts to illustrate his own herbal. It is impossible, therefore, that our Dean



could have been ignorant of the magnificent work of the great German botanist, and it would be pleasant to think that when a copy was sent over from Basle to Dr. Turner another had been despatched to Dr. Warner, and that this copy he afterwards bequeathed, with the *De Medica Materia* of Dioscorides and the *De Natura Stirpium* of Ruellius, to the Cathedral library. If this tracing of the 'pedigree' be correct, and it will be admitted that it is not impossible, then an additional interest is attached to our fine copy of Fuchs' Herbal, which in itself is not the least precious volume in our collection.

## GIFTS DIFFERING.

'If I'd only 'ad the chance,' said Mrs. Mills, 'I might a been almost h'anythink. Quite as good as Mrs. Wilkins, I might a been.'

'I'm sure you might 'ave, Mrs. Mills, my dear,' said Mrs. Bray.

'Playin' the pianner, or speakin' pieces, or shinin' in serciety,' said Mrs. Mills, 'it wouldn't 'ave been nothink to me. Nothink, it wouldn't. I feel it in me. I 'ave done from a child. It's a dreadful thing to feel you could 'ave been almost anythink and then to be nothink to speak of,' said Mrs. Mills gloomily.

'Not *nothink*, Mrs. Mills,' remonstrated Mrs. Bray, kindly. 'Not quite *nothink*. Come now! *Near* it, I grant you, but not quite nothink!'

'Well, what h'am I, I arsk you?' said Mrs. Mills.

'That might be 'ard to say, of course,' said Mrs. Bray. 'But we've all got our little gifts, Mrs. Mills, my dear, though some's is 'id.'

'I don' see much use in a gif' as is 'id up to sech an extent that you can't see it yourself nor yet show it no one,' said Mrs. Mills. 'I wonder Providence bemeans itself with gifts of that sort. It seems a sorter 'ide-and-seek as you'd wonder Providence should bemean itself with.'

'Well, look at your 'ouse, an' the comfit of it, an' the cookin' of it,' said Mrs. Bray, seeking for consolation. 'There isn't a 'ouse in the place as well kep' as yours.'

'What's cookin' and comfit?' said Mrs. Mills with a sigh. 'Cookin' an' comfit ain't like speakin' poetry or shinin' in serciety. Well, you'll stop to tea, Mrs. Bray. I've a cutlet of 'ake to me tea.'

Mrs. Mills lived in an old farmhouse beyond the village. It was a beautiful old house outside, and Mrs. Mills kept it as beautiful in—as beautifully as it had been kept generations ago when the first Mrs. Mills came to it as a bride. The present Mrs. Mills was a childless widow. The farm itself and the lands were let, and a small but regular income, accruing therefrom, reached her every quarter in a highly genteel manner, with the desirable result that quite an appreciable number of people in the village called her 'Mrs. Mills, ma'am.'

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Mills had nothing to do for a living

except sign receipts that she felt her inability to do anything else so greatly. She lived in an age when everybody is being something with all his might, and she sat at teas, and attended meetings, and subscribed to leagues, and looked at lantern-slides, and listened to speeches, and heard songs—and beheld everybody but herself being religious or social or philanthropic or political, or national or artistic; and sometimes, when she was reading her *Daily Mail*, or looking around her on the activities of the parish, it seemed to her that everybody but herself had been born a hero or a heroine.

As for old Mrs. Bray, she was the village poetess. She wrote poems upon everything that happened, from the accession of George V. to the death of a hen under the doctor's motor. Mrs. Mills looked on Mrs. Bray and her gift with a gloomy interest, and often dropped in to observe Mrs. Bray compose. Nothing so effectively prevented Mrs. Bray from composing, but she concealed her nervous distraction with an effort, and, in response to Mrs. Mills' dark absorption in her talent, continued to make poetry as best she could while Mrs. Mills sat and gazed upon her.

But it was not the poetic talents of old Mrs. Bray that added the keenest poignancy to Mrs. Mills' perception of her own incapacity. It was the brilliant and unapproachable ease and effectiveness of Mrs. Wilkins, the schoolmaster's wife.

Mrs. Wilkins was 'bright'—extraordinarily bright: '*Such a bright creature,*' the Vicar's wife said. She laughed, and ran about, and was always being a ray of sunshine somewhere in a dress of latest fashion. She shone in society. The playful brightness of Mrs. Wilkins at a tea-party was, indeed, of the kind seldom attempted except by women and parsons. It filled Mrs. Mills with bitterness. She sat afar in the silence which always fell upon her at a party, and watched Mrs. Wilkins; and she noticed that whenever Mrs. Wilkins made a joke or a clever remark she prefaced it with a gay laugh and the words, 'I always think—.' This seemed to Mrs. Mills a singularly happy opening. She pondered upon it and took a resolve.

'Very nice weather we're 'aving just now, Mrs. Mills, ma'am,' said her hostess at the next tea-party to which Mrs. Mills was invited. Mrs. Mills opened her mouth wide, looked brightly round her, made a loud noise which was intended for a laugh, and began, 'I always think—'

Her acquaintances, after a polite pause of interest, burst, upon perceiving finally that nothing further was to follow, into a still

politer torrent of conversation, and Mrs. Mills buried herself in her teacup.

'A nangkerchief to the 'ead is the best thing for a touch of the sun, Mrs. Mills, my dear,' said her hostess sympathetically, on bidding her farewell at the door a little later. 'You go straight 'ome an' 'ave a good lay down with a nangkerchief to the 'ead.'

That was Mrs. Mills' one social effort. She did not try again. She ceased to take in the *Daily Mail*, with its incessant appeals to activities Mrs. Mills did not possess, and its trying descriptions of the brilliant successes of people who seemed in every other way exactly like Mrs. Mills herself. She went nowhere where she was likely to see Mrs. Wilkins. She retired into obscurity and remained there—definitely.

But obscurity is the one state from which everybody nowadays agrees in urging everybody to emerge, and it was only a week after this that the Vicar called upon the whole parish to emerge from it, in one bound as it were, and all together. He preached a sermon on 'The Cause, and can we help it?' He said that we *could* help it, and that all could do their little public parts towards aiding it.

'Let us *all* be up and doing!' cried the Vicar. 'Let us make ourselves felt, let us leave a mark on our generation. Let us *all* be up and doing!'

Mrs. Mills went to seek Mrs. Bray, and found her already composing a poem on the Vicar's sermon. It begun, 'Let us all be up and doing,' and as it had as yet got no farther, it cast little light on the problem agitating Mrs. Mills' mind.

'Where's the use of me gettin' up when I 'avent an idea what to be doin' when I *k'am* up!' said Mrs. Mills. 'Ow am I to start convertin' souls, I arsk you?'

'It's a gif', Mrs. Mills, my dear,' said Mrs. Bray, 'like playin' the pianner or speakin' a piece.'

'Then there you are,' said Mrs. Mills; 'I shan't go near the Mission.'

A great tent was erected on the village green on the following Monday, and every afternoon and evening revivalist meetings were held in it of a very animated and successful nature, while during the rest of the day the Missioner went about exhorting the people, and there was a general upheaval and upset. The Mission had all the attraction of a surprise, for hitherto these methods had been supposed to belong entirely to the chapel, and it was a new thing to the

church people to find themselves being prayed over and dealt with and revived. But there was certainly no reason whatever, when you came to think of it, why the chapel should hold a monopoly of conversion and emotionalism. The parish responded manfully, and the Vicar's face was beaming when he met Mrs. Mills on the Thursday morning.

'Ah, Mrs. Mills, good morning, good morning,' he cried. 'And are we doing our little best to help forward the glorious work that is going on around us? Are we using our little gifts in the great cause? Let us *all* be up and doing, Mrs. Mills! Look at Mrs. Wilkins—what a gift is hers! One after another she brings her friends under the blessed influence of the Mission. Let us *all* be up and doing, Mrs. Mills.'

Mrs. Mills returned home with an agitated countenance. It had never occurred to her that this gift also was possessed by the brilliant Mrs. Wilkins.

She sat at the back of the crowded tent that afternoon. All round her the congregation was beginning to sob and pray under the exhortations of the Missioner, but Mrs. Mills did not find herself moved in this direction. She sat erect and gazed in a sort of puzzled gloom about her. Suddenly, however, she started violently. A graceful figure with a rapt smile had arisen in the crowd, and was leading forward a young woman whom the congregation recognised with the greater interest because she was some one whom most of them usually refused to recognise at all. Mrs. Wilkins led Maud Goodall gently towards the convert's bench, and Maud Goodall went reluctantly, giggling and pushing, and hanging back. But when she reached the bench her aspect suddenly changed. She stared before her for a moment with a bewildered look. Then, with a loud howl, she sank weeping upon her knees.

As the congregation left the tent, Mrs. Mills found herself walking by Mrs. Wilkins.

'Is that Mrs. Mills?' said Mrs. Wilkins, sweetly.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Mills, stolidly.

'I'm so glad to see you here this afternoon,' said Mrs. Wilkins.

'I don't know why I shouldn't be 'ere this afternoon,' said Mrs. Mills.

'No, indeed,' said Mrs. Wilkins. 'There is every reason why we should *all* be here this afternoon. But I am sure the dear Vicar will be especially glad to hear that even those who have never troubled themselves with spiritual matters before are beginning

to feel the blessed influences at work in the parish now, dear Mrs. Mills.'

Mrs. Mills found nothing to say. She walked stolidly on.

'And all, all are made so welcome by our dear Missioner!' said Mrs. Wilkins, raptly. 'Those who come, as myself, to bring others to hear the glad tidings, and those who come to hear them for themselves—all, all are made so welcome!'

Mrs. Mills walked home, breathing heavily. She walked blindly along, her face filled with gloomy preoccupation. She was half-way down the lane to her farm when there was a sudden tremendous crash in the tall tree-grown hedge on her right, and a figure came hurtling violently out of it, and landed in a confused heap in the road at her feet, amid a shower of scattered dead woodland creatures.

Mrs. Mills stopped with a shriek, and the figure picked itself up. It was that of a youth who was held to be the most hopeless outcast of the village.

'Don't kick up a row,' he said, breathlessly. 'It's only me; the branch as I was sittin' on broke under me on the sudding.'

'John Lacey!' ejaculated Mrs. Mills. 'You've been poaching!'

'Wot if I 'ave?' said John Lacey.

'You've been poachin' on land as I let,' continued Mrs. Mills, intrepidly. 'I shall tell old Kent on you at once.'

'If you do,' said John Lacey, 'I'll brain you.'

'I wonder you ain't afeard to go on the way you do,' said Mrs. Mills. 'E might drop on you any moment without no tellin', an' then where'd you be?'

'E ain't near enough to drop on no one,' said John Lacey, with a furtive glance round him. 'E's gone to look for Joe Clark to lag 'im for trappin', and Joe's in the Mission tent a-gettin' of 'isself convertid.'

'It 'ud be a good thing if you was in the Mission tent a-gettin' of *yours*elf convertid,' said Mrs. Mills, warmly.

'It 'ud take more than a Mission tent to convert *me*,' said John Lacey.

Mrs. Mills suddenly looked at him with a transfixed gaze. She stood motionless, looking at him; and Lacey looked back at her.

'I don't want to do you no mischief,' he said; 'but I tell you straight, I've been 'alf starved for nigh on a week, an' these 'ere'll be the first square meal I've had for days. I ain't going to be put in quod for 'em. You tell on me—and the first chance I get arter I come outer jail, I'll brain you.'

Mrs. Mills drew a long breath, but it had no connection with John Lacey's determination to brain her in spite of his desire not to do her a mischief. Blinking rapidly, and looking anywhere but at John Lacey, she spoke.

As her agitated words poured forth, the expression on Lacey's face gradually changed. It grew into blanker and blanker astonishment. He stared at her, incredulous and bewildered, and when she stopped there was a pause.

'Well, I'm *damned*,' said Lacey at last, scratching his head.

'There ain't no need to swear about it,' said Mrs. Mills, hurriedly and tremulously.

'I'm to get myself convertid,' said Lacey, slowly, and still gazing at her, as if endeavouring to realise to the full the proposal laid before him.

'Nor yet there ain't no need to get yourself convertid,' said Mrs. Mills, shakenly. 'You don't need but to pretend to it.'

'Well, I'm damned!' said Lacey. 'Ow do I pretend to get myself convertid?'

'You'll come to the Mission tent with me every evenin',' said Mrs. Mills, striving with her tears. 'An' on the larst evenin' you'll go up and set on the inquirer's bench.'

'What's that?' said Lacey.

'It's the bench you set on to inquire about your soul,' said Mrs. Mills.

'Ow'm I goin' to inquire about my soul?' protested John Lacey. 'I ain't never inquired about nothink in all my life!'

'All you 'ave to do is to set,' said Mrs. Mills.

'An' what do I do arter I've set?' said Lacey.

'You don't do nothin',' said Mrs. Mills. 'The Mission finishes next day, and arter that you can backslide.'

'Well, I *am* damned,' said Lacey, staring at her, and scratching his head. 'An' what good's that goin' to do you?'

'It don't matter to you what good it's goin' to do me,' said Mrs. Mills, in deep agitation. 'And if you swear again, John Lacey—'

'Well, I *am*,' said Lacey; 'I can't 'elp it.'

'An' if I find you've said a single word about it to a single soul,' said Mrs. Mills, 'I'll tell old Kent on you for poachin' that instant.'

Amid loud expostulations from Lacey, who saw no moral difference between shielding a poacher and sharing his spoils, they



collected his afternoon's bag and buried it under the hedge. Then they went down the lane to the old house. The great kitchen lay shining and spotless in its afternoon state, with the low sun shining through the lattice—a place of order and peace upon which generations of Mr. Mills' forbears, who had apparently made no mark upon their generation, had left an indelible mark of beauty and labour—at which John Lacey, standing in his rags and leanness on the threshold, stared with mingled uneasiness and interest.

'In *my* 'ouse,' said Mrs. Mills, in a shaking voice, 'a man as comes inside when the mistress is there, takes 'is 'at off.'

Lacey removed his ancient cap with a start, and twirled it in his hands.

'An' the only comfit bein' that the girl 'as gone on a fortnight's 'oliday to 'er mother,' said Mrs. Mills, advancing hysterically into the kitchen, 'you'll have to stay 'ere till the Mission's over, John Lacey, an' so now you know. I'm not goin' to have you goin' back to live in the village a-gossipin' and a bein' got at. You'll 'ave your meals in 'ere, and sleep in the attic.'

'I can't 'ave my meals in 'ere,' said John Lacey in consternation 'I'd muck the 'ole place up.'

'Them as washes theirselves as they should do,' said Mrs. Mills, severely, 'don't need to muck up nothink. You can go and wash yourself in the scullery.'

'I don't wash myself as a rewle excep' Satterdys,' said John Lacey, gloomily. 'This ain't but Thursdy.'

'You'll wash yourself on every day of the week while you're in *my* 'ouse, John Lacey,' said Mrs. Mills, sternly.

At this depressing prospect it is probable that nothing but the still more depressing prospect of a month in prison prevented John Lacey from retiring altogether from the bargain he had just concluded; but Mrs. Mills leading the way with determined steps to the scullery, he shut the mouth he had opened and followed her.

'Never 'ave I see a man wash 'isself in anythink but 'is shirt sleeves afore!' said Mrs. Mills, greatly shocked, as he prepared to plunge his face into the water.

'You'd see a man wash 'isself in a good deal less than 'is shirt sleeves if I took my coat off,' said Lacey, darkly.

Mrs. Mills hurried precipitately from the scullery, and shut the door with a bang, and shortly afterwards it opened again slightly,

and a hand carrying a shirt came through the crack. It dropped the shirt on the floor, and after it, in sequence, a whole suit of worn but tidy tweeds.

'They're carst-offs of my 'usband's,' said the agitated voice of Mrs. Mills. 'Put 'em on. I couldn't walk up the aisle with you be'ind me in them rags. Convertid or not convertid, it's more than I could do.'

Some time afterwards Lacey emerged sheepishly from the scullery. His lean anxious face was shining with soap, his hair arranged neatly in long wet strands, his form arrayed in Mr. Mills' 'cast-offs.' He stood in an attitude of discomfort by the door, but his discomfort was mingled with another feeling which he strove to conceal behind a studied indifference.

'I expect I look a bit different now from what I did,' said John Lacey, after a pause, lightly. Mrs. Mills turned round from her cooking and looked at him, and then turned abstractedly to the fire again. But Lacey's mind was hindered in its appreciation of an unexpected sensation by no dreadful consciousness such as darkened the mind of Mrs. Mills.

'You don't 'appen to 'ave a bit of lookin'-glass 'andy, I suppose,' he said.

'When you speak to me, John Lacey, you'll please to say "ma'am,"' said Mrs. Mills. 'There's a lookin'-glass up in the attic.'

There was much more than a looking-glass up in the attic. The memory of the dirty mattress, which he shared on the floor of a passage with the sons of the slattern in whose house he lodged in the village, rose to Lacey's mind as he looked round on the comfort and cleanliness of the room under the roof, to which Mrs. Mills took him after his tea.

The next evening Mrs. Mills walked up to the centre aisle of the Mission tent to a front seat with John Lacey behind her, and provided the parish with the most unexpected thrill of the entire Mission fortnight. Comments and whispers swept across the tent, but Mrs. Mills looked neither to the right nor to the left. She took her seat on a bench well in sight of the Vicar and the Missioner and the congregation and Mrs. Wilkins; and John Lacey, carefully carrying the bowler hat, which was also a cast-off of Mr. Mills, seated himself beside her with a mingled aspect of self-consciousness, self-satisfaction, and discomfort, and gazed thoughtfully at the still more prominent bench upon which he was shortly to sit to inquire

about his soul. When the service was over Mrs. Mills directed her steps through the crowd to where Mrs. Wilkins was moving forth with smiles of sweet encouragement to all around her.

'Is it Mrs. Wilkins?' said Mrs. Mills.

'Yes, dear Mrs. Mills,' said Mrs. Wilkins sweetly.

'I'm so glad to see you 'ere to-night,' said Mrs. Mills stolidly.

'I'm *always* here, Mrs. Mills,' said Mrs. Wilkins gently.

'Yes, but I expect the Vicar'll be especially glad to 'ear you was 'ere to-night when I go to tell 'im about John Lacey's conversion, as I suppose I shall 'ave to do sooner or later,' said Mrs. Mills. 'All, all are made so welcome—they as comes like I do myself to bring others to be convertid, an' them as comes on the chance of gettin' convertid themselves, if small 'ope of the same. Good-night, Mrs. Wilkins.'

With compressed lips Mrs. Mills departed into 'the night, and John Lacey went after her.

'You ain't been to see me for a long time, Mrs. Mills, ma'am,' said Mrs. Bray, with a beaming if deprecating smile.

'I've been busy,' said Mrs. Mills.

'So I thought I'd come round to see *you*,' said Mrs. Bray.

'Pleased, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Mills. 'Come in and set down.'

She led the way into the old kitchen, and they sat down on the hearth.

'I've been writin' a pome about the Mission,' said Mrs. Bray, producing a penny exercise-book with the proud smile of authorship. 'It's about you an' John Lacey.'

The fire-irons suddenly fell with a frightful crash into the grate, and Mrs. Bray gave an involuntary jump and shriek.

'I kicked 'em by mistake,' said Mrs. Mills, stooping with a red face to pick them up. 'Go on, Mrs. Bray.'

Mrs. Bray recovered herself, opened the exercise-book, smoothed its pages, smiled, cleared her throat several times, and began to read. The poem had eight verses and the refrain of each one ran:

'Then glory, glory, glory, to them as poachers save,  
An' let us all thank Mrs. Mills for 'aving been so brave.'

As the gratified and increasingly loud chanting of Mrs. Bray went on, Mrs. Mills' lips grew more and more compressed. She stared at the fire as though she did not know what might happen if she

left off looking at it for a moment. Mrs. Bray's voice rose triumphantly on the last verse—

“ ‘Tis Mrs. Mills 'as done it,  
'Oo never did anything before.”

Nothing to speak of, I mean, of course, Mrs. Mills, my dear,” explained Mrs. Bray in parenthesis.

“ ‘Tis she 'as took the poacher's 'and,  
An' brought 'im to the door.  
Then glory, glory, glory, etc.”

“ ‘Brave ’ ain't *quite* the word, perhaps,” said Mrs. Bray, stopping with a glowing countenance, ‘ but I couldn't find anything else to rhyme so well in the way of praise.’

Mrs. Mills, to whom the word ‘ brave ’ was perhaps the only one that could with any honesty be applied in the way of praise, stared a moment longer at the fire. Then with a kind of howl that rang through the kitchen, and was echoed to the rafters by Mrs. Bray's answering shriek of surprise, she flung her apron over her head and burst into a flood of tears.

‘ What did you want to go and write a pome about it for ! ’ she cried. ‘ I can't bear it no more. John Lacey ain't converted, nor likely to be, nor never meant to be, and now you know.’

It was some time before Mrs. Bray could grasp the full meaning of Mrs. Mills' flood of tears and information, but when it at last began to dawn upon her she sat in speechless and incredulous horror, her eyes growing rounder and rounder.

‘ I don't rightly know that I understand,’ she faltered.

‘ It was more than I could bear with Mrs. Wilkins boastin' of 'erself in the way she did,’ sobbed Mrs. Mills, defiantly.

‘ Oh, Mrs. Mills, my dear ! ’ said Mrs. Bray, faintly.

‘ An' now you can go and tell on me,’ said Mrs. Mills, flinging her apron again over her head.

At that Mrs. Bray herself burst into tears.

‘ I'd *never* tell on you, never,’ she wept. The bare idea of revealing in the village such extraordinary and dreadful behaviour on the part of one who held so high a position in it, one to whom she herself looked up with gratitude, if with a humble and soothing comprehension, filled her with horror.

'I'll never, never, tell on you!' she cried. 'But, oh, Mrs. Mills, ma'am, oh, Mrs. Mills, my dear——'Ush, 'ark, there's some one comin'!'

The two women hastily dried their eyes and turned their faces to the fire, and the door opened. John Lacey came in and took off his cap.

'I thought you oughter know, Mrs. Mills, ma'am,' he said loftily, 'as I've sent young Smith about 'is business—I caught 'im with a rebbit in 'is pocket 'alf an hour ago, and that's the second time. "If you like to poach, Smith, my man," ses I to 'im, "you *can* do," says I, "but there'll be no poachers on this farm while I'm on it," ses I to him; so I sent him off accordin' to your h'orders, and while I'm here I can see to the chicking meself without no boy.'

'All right,' said Mrs. Mills faintly.

'Ullo, there's the quarter to,' said John Lacey. 'I'll go an' give meself a clean up and be off to post.'

Mrs. Bray had sat rigid and erect during Lacey's remarks, endeavouring to gaze fixedly out of the window, but unable to help casting at him an occasional glance of mingled fascination and horror. When he was gone she drew a long breath.

'E reelly almost seems to feel 'isself as you might say at 'ome, don't 'e?' she faltered.

'Oh, 'e's all right, said Mrs. Mills bitterly.' 'E don't mind! 'E don't mind nothink.'

'An' lookin' that clean!' ejaculated Mrs. Bray.

'I wouldn't 'ave let a *dog* stay in the 'ouse with me in the state 'e was in,' replied Mrs. Mills. 'Pigs is clean to what 'e was. 'E 'ad to learn that much, any'ow, and he learned it.'

'An a-doin' of jobs punctual about the place, like hany hodd man,' said Mrs. Bray, her eyes still wide in astonishment.

'People don't set idlin' in h'armchars in *my* 'ouse,' returned Mrs. Mills. 'There was plenty to do and 'e done it; an' as to bein' punctual, I never could stand a man strollin' in an' out to 'is work an' 'is meals by dribs an' drabs. 'E 'ad to learn different.'

Mrs. Bray suddenly returned to a full realisation of the situation.

'An' I suppose you keep him 'ere——' she faltered.

'I keep 'im 'ere, Mrs. Bray,' replied Mrs. Mills with a trembling lip, 'so's to prevent 'im bein' got 'old of in the village.'

There was a short but dreadful silence.

'Heveryone was surprised over your 'aving 'ad the brains to get

'im convertid,' said Mrs. Bray, tremulously. 'There wasn't one but said 'ow surprised they was.'

Mrs. Mills said nothing. She stared at the fire.

'An' the Vicar that 'appy over it, an' thankin' you public,' said Mrs. Bray, 'an' the Missioner mentionin' of 'im special in 'is prayer of 'ope for the larst night.'

'What's the good of talkin' like that!' cried Mrs. Mills, bursting into fresh tears. 'As if I didn't know it already! It's got on my mind dreadful. Never did I think it would get on my mind in the dreadful way it 'as.'

'What,' said Mrs. Bray, in a whisper, gazing at Mrs. Mills, 'will 'e do when the Mission's over?'

'When the Mission's over,' said Mrs. Mills, 'e'll backslide.'

'Oh, Mrs. Mills, my dear,' cried Mrs. Bray, aghast at the dreadful completeness of Mrs. Mills' plan for preserving the applause of the village for her efforts at John Lacey's conversion, whilst allowing him to return comfortably to that unregenerate state from which he never would in reality have emerged.

'An' it's awful the way 'e does it,' said Mrs. Mills, despairingly. 'Awful, it is. 'E's that took up with 'is jobs, and 'is manners, an' 'is rise in the world, an' 'is walkin' down street in an ole suit of clothes with a flower to 'is button-ole, that he don't seem to mind nothink. "When you goin' up to the front bench to declare yourself afore the world, my young friend?" says the Missioner sollim to 'im yester-day. "Oh, I ain't goin' up there till the larst night," says John Lacey, explainin' to him pleased like. "It ain't till the larst night that I set up there to inquire about my soul," says 'e cheerful, an' me standin' by tremblin' for fear the Missioner should see through 'im on the sudding.'

'An' to-morrer's the larst night,' said Mrs. Bray, looking with wide eyes at Mrs. Mills.

They sat and gazed at each other.

'If it was only deceivin' of the Vicar,' said little Mrs. Bray faintly, at last, 'it wouldn't some'ow be so bad. Deceivin' of a man or two don't some'ow seem so bad. It's what a woman orten 'as to do as she goes along. But deceivin' of an' 'ole village all in a lump together—oh, Mrs. Mills, my dear, what will it be like at the Day of Judgment when an 'ole village comes walkin' up against you 'afore the throne? An' what I am afraid of is, ma'am,' said Mrs. Bray, suddenly bursting into fresh tears, 'that let alone the Day of Judgment, it'll lay 'eavier an' 'eavier on you till you die.'

'What'll I do?' said Mrs. Mills, brokenly.

Mrs. Bray recovered herself, sat up, and wiped her eyes.

'If I was you,' she said, tremulously, 'I think I'd confess myself.'

'To 'Eving?' said Mrs. Mills.

'Well, I don't know,' said Mrs. Bray. 'Confessin' to yourself to 'Eving don't some'ow seem to make the same difference to a person's comfit as confessin' yourself to another person seems to do. It's an easy thing to confess yourself to 'Eving, especially if no one else is aweer of the same. Besides, you ain't never deceived 'Eving, Mrs. Mills, ma'am. 'Eving must a known all along as there wasn't no soul belongin' to John Lacey a rooshin' in from the wilderness. I expect 'Eving's the larst person as 'as found itself deceived, Mrs. Mills, my dear!'

'Then 'oo?' said Mrs. Mills, trembling.

'I thought the Vicar,' said Mrs. Bray, 'an' 'e could tell the rest.'

'Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't,' wailed Mrs. Mills, aghast.

'I'd come up with you,' wept Mrs. Bray.

'Oh, what'll he say to me?' sobbed Mrs. Mills. 'I daresent, I daresent.'

'Ush, 'ark, my dear, there's some one comin',' said Mrs. Bray with a gasp, as a footstep sounded outside; and they tried to compose themselves hurriedly, turning their faces to the fire.

The door opened, and Kent, the old gamekeeper, appeared.

'Evenin',' he said; and at the sight of him Mrs. Mills turned white, and Mrs. Bray clutched the arms of the chair.

'That there young Lacey as you've been an' got convertid,' said old Kent, standing reflectively in the doorway.

Mrs. Mills gave another violent start, and glanced at Mrs. Bray. Then she rose, and stood, very red in the face, gazing at old Kent.

'E's not convertid, an' 'e never was, nor yet 'e ain't going to be,' she said, and at these dreadful words Mrs. Bray gave a faint shriek from the hearth.

'Oh, 'e's not convertid, an' 'e never was, nor yet 'e ain't goin' to be,' repeated old Kent, pondering.

'No,' said Mrs. Mills.

'Oh,' said old Kent. He stood for a moment, glancing about him.

'Well,' he began again. 'That there young Lacey. You tell 'im that my third keeper's leavin' come September, an' if 'e



likes he can try the place. Evenin', Mrs. Mills, ma'am.' He nodded, and turned to go.

'But 'e's *not* convertid,' cried Mrs. Mills.

'Oh, 'e's *not* convertid?' said old Kent, pausing reflectively.

'No,' said Mrs. Mills.

'Oh,' said old Kent. He turned it slowly over in his mind for a moment or two, looking about him.

'Well,' he said, ruminatively, 'that there young Lacey, ain't he giv' up law-breakin' and took to work, an' learned 'is manners an' cleaned 'isself, and kep' 'isself sober?'

'I don't 'ave no one in my 'ouse who don't do that much,' said Mrs. Mills, with a sudden severity born of the memory of the sternness she had had to exert to make John Lacey see the necessity of doing that much.

'Well,' said old Kent. He remained a moment in meditation.

'Well,' he resumed, 'that there young Lacey. You tell 'im that my third keeper's leavin' come September, an' if 'e likes, I'll try 'im in the place. There ain't no one knows the woods like young Lacey, as *I* knows to my corst. Set a thief to catch a thief. Evenin'.' He turned to go, paused, meditated, and spoke over his shoulder.

'What 'ud you call it, if it ain't convertid?' he said, closed the door behind him, and was gone.

Mrs. Mills turned towards the hearth, and Mrs. Bray met her, hurrying across it. Her hands were out, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her smiles were making them as radiant as rainbows make showers. She caught Mrs. Mills by the arm. 'Oh, Mrs. Mills, ma'am, oh, Mrs. Mills, my dear,' she cried, 'then there ain't no need to go up to the Vicar arter all.'

'Why ain't there no need to go up to the Vicar arter all?' said Mrs. Mills, gazing at her in bewilderment.

'Because John Lacey's convertid,' cried little Mrs. Bray.

'Convertid?' said Mrs. Mills, with a gasp.

'I don't know what you'd call it if it *ain't* convertid,' said Mrs. Bray, laughing and crying at once. 'And there's nothin' to go up to tell the Vicar about.'

EVELYNE E. RYND.

# SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

NEARING JORDAN.

BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A GROUP OF PEERS.

VISCOUNT MORLEY—EARL WEMYSS—LORD GRANVILLE—LORD  
DUFFERIN—LORD DERBY—LORD SHERBROOKE.

LORD MORLEY lived long enough in the House of Commons to discredit some widely accepted Parliamentary aphorisms. One is that the gateway of Parliamentary success is closed against a man unless he takes his seat whilst yet young. Another points to high reputation acquired out of doors as a bar to renown, whilst a third fixes upon literary men as the least likely to achieve high position. All these things are true. Lord Morley's variation of the triple rule affords evidence of his indomitable courage and dogged perseverance.

He was in his forty-sixth year when he entered Parliament—a splendid age, the very prime of life for an intellectual man. But it is a little late to begin the process of assimilation with the House of Commons. It will be found, without exception prominent enough to be called to mind, that all men who have made the highest mark in the Parliamentary record have entered the House in their young manhood. Pitt, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, are names that suggest themselves in illustration of this law—four men whose characters are wholly dissimilar, who reached the highest position by lines of personal conduct and public policy widely diverse, but who possessed in common the inestimable advantage of entering the House at a stage of comparative youth.

For some sessions it seemed as if this disadvantage would, in Mr. Morley's case, prove insurmountable. Upon a man of his temperament and nature it pressed with exceptional weight. Superadded was his literary training and the high reputation he had won outside the precincts of Westminster. For a time it seemed as if the world was destined to witness the re-enactment of the tragedy of the Parliamentary failure of John Stuart Mill.

The House was crowded on every bench to hear the maiden speech of the biographer of Burke and Cobden, the philosopher who had written 'On Compromise,' the man who had thrown fresh light on the working of the minds of Voltaire and Rousseau. It was, moreover, a friendly audience, generously eager to welcome a new acquisition to its intellectual forces. That the speech was full of weighty matter, carefully prepared, goes without saying. This was, perhaps, the secret of its failure. It was an essay on the question of the hour, and would have been well enough if the course usually found convenient in communicating essays to an audience had been permissible, and the new member had been allowed to read straight through his MS. That was out of order, and Mr. Morley, with parched tongue and blanched face, painfully stumbled through an imperfect recital.

In due time he came to rank as one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. The position was acquired by slow and laborious process. He always had it in him, but for several sessions could not get it out. To some men the delivery of a speech in the House of Commons or elsewhere is an incident in an idle hour, a mere recreation—though that view of it may not be taken by the audience. To Lord Morley it is a serious business, carrying with it an amount of responsibility not to be lightly or unnecessarily undertaken. In the Lords as in the Commons he is conscientiously concerned not only for the matter of the speech, but for the selection and proper sequence of every word that composes it. To his almost ascetic literary taste the looser style of expression which passes with a public audience is shocking.

After he had been some sessions in the House, occasionally taking part in debate, listened to, but, as a speaker, not loved, he happened to find himself on a platform at Leeds faced by a crowded audience. It was at the time when Liberals were beginning to recover from the knockdown blow of the General Election of 1886. A by-election had been won here and there, and there was already talk of the flowing tide. The Conference Hall at Leeds was full of enthusiasm. Its electricity touched Mr. Morley. He had come prepared with the customary carefully thought-out lecture, with heads and catch-notes written out. Something said early in the speech drew from the highly strung audience a rousing cheer. Following up the line thus opened, he spoke on without reference to his notes, delighting the audience and probably astonishing himself with the ease and success of the daring experiment. It was as if a man

floating in the water, by accident deprived of his life-belt, discovered that he could swim very well without it.

In addition to rare intellectual gifts, chastened and strengthened by high culture, Lord Morley has the endowment, priceless to an English statesman, of a reputation for absolute disinterestedness. People may differ from him on matters of opinion. Political friends or foes are all one in their belief in his absolute honesty of purpose. Not even for the advantage of his party—and for party purposes even good men will dare to do shady things—will he stray by the breadth of a peppercorn from what he holds to be the right course.

People not admitted to the intimacy of his friendship regard him as an austere man, whose talent, if he bestow it on you, it were well to wrap in a napkin in readiness for the day of reckoning. His manner is certainly not flamboyant. But its occasional aloofness, of which complaint is made, is simply the reticence of a highly born sensitive nature, quickly shocked by anything coarse or mean. This sometimes obscures but never hampers the impulse of the keenest and most generous human sympathies.

Earl Wemyss was a prominent figure in the House of Lords these thirty-one years. His upright, lithe figure, his mobile countenance, his free gestures, showed almost up to the last little variation from his aggressive manner during a long term in the Commons. Seventy-seven years ago Frank Charteris was a gentleman commoner at Christ Church. The boy being father to the man, he habitually 'cheeked' the Dean, as in the last decade of the century he defied the Premier. He patronised young Leveson-Gower, brother of Earl Granville, devising a scheme whereby he was able at dinner-time surreptitiously to pass to his junior (by one year) remnants of the richer dishes provided for 'the Gentlemen.' He excited the curiosity of the great Lady Holland, who commanded Leveson-Gower to take him to Holland House. When the two lads were leaving, Lady Holland whispered in her older friend's ear, 'Never mind, my dear Frederick, good looks are not everything in this world.' A nice kind thing to say to a boy. Leveson-Gower treasured it up in an otherwise tranquil breast.

He might have been consoled with the assurance that when Frank Charteris, blossomed into Lord Elcho, reached the House of Commons he was accustomed to find his frequent intervention

in debate impartially howled down. Thirty-four years ago, it being a period at which a new fashion of finding water was in vogue, it was said of him, 'When on his legs he is an Abyssinian well in respect of fluency; only it is the House that is bored.' Heavily humorous, weakly witty, audaciously illogical, he was accustomed to carry personal references nearer the verge of positive rudeness than did Bernal Osborne in his prime. During his last years in the Commons, his favourite place before he was ousted by the Fourth Party was the corner seat below the gangway to the left of the Speaker. He had a trick of rolling up a copy of the Orders of the Day in the form of a bâton, with the waving of which he enforced the wordy nothingness of his speech.

Transplanted to the Upper House, the Earl of Wemyss did not carry more weight in debate than did Lord Elcho in the Commons. But he was a welcome innovation on its immobility. The late Lord Coleridge described his sensations when making his maiden speech in the Lords as akin to those of a man addressing the tombstones in a churchyard on a moonlit midnight. Lord Wemyss on his legs was free from solemnities of that kind. With characteristic shrewdness he found his platform on the Cross Benches, whence he could command a view, sometimes the attention, of members on both sides. Amongst other attractions to one brought up in the Scottish Kirk the structure of the Cross Benches had something in common with a roomy pulpit. Standing by the second bench, Lord Wemyss might, as the spirit moved him, walk a pace to the right or left, anon leaning on the rail of the front bench and shake a warning forefinger at the congregation. *Per contra*, there was, twenty years ago, the drawback that the corner of the front Cross Bench was the accustomed seat of an illustrious personage. One night, whilst his late Majesty was still Prince of Wales, Lord Wemyss, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by his own eloquence, brought a gesticulatory fist in rough contact with the crown of the Royal hat.

For some time after he passed the age of fourscore years Lord Wemyss displayed unflagging energy in Parliamentary debate. He had more than one field-night all to himself. His method of approaching debate was properly commensurate in its deliberativeness with the importance of the occasion. He placed on the Paper notice of a motion for 'an early day.' When the constitutional lethargy of noble lords might be supposed to be stirred by curiosity, a day was fixed. But it did not necessarily follow that the event

would thereupon take place. Once, whilst Lord Salisbury was still with us, these processes gone through, and the motion called on by the clerk at the table, Lord Wemyss rose, and with dramatic sweep of his arm, pointed to the empty place of the Prime Minister. He really could not, he told the disappointed Peers, deliver his address in the absence of the Prime Minister. Nor did he.

Wayward, wilful, a boy in spirits whilst a nonagenarian in years, Lord Wemyss up to a period shortly preceding his death varied the dull decorum of the House of Lords with welcome flashes of aurora-borealic light. In him, in spite of Coleridge's musical lament, Youth and Age still dwelt together.

'Life is but a thought: so think I will  
That youth and I are housemates still.'

Earl Wemyss at ninety realised the fond fancy of the poet.

Lord Granville probably had personal acquaintance with a larger circle of people than any of his contemporaries, not excepting Mr. Gladstone. His long connection with the Foreign Office created for him intimate relations with the eminent personages of other countries, whilst at home his long Parliamentary and public life brought him into contact with all classes of men. To all he presented the same courtly but genuinely kindly bearing. He was, I think, the prettiest-mannered man of his age. There was the old courtier style about him, just touched with French grace. Better still was his thorough genuineness. It is difficult to think that a man so uniformly polite in his manner could be always sincere. Lord Granville's heart and his kindness of disposition were large enough even to meet the demands made upon them by his constitutional politeness. A short time before he died I ventured to trouble him with a petition from an old Liverpool salt who wanted a nomination to the almshouses of Trinity. Lord Granville was an Elder Brother, and had in turn the right of nomination. He at once replied in a genial, hearty note, giving the desired promise, which amid failing health and the pressing cares of his public position he was mindful to fulfil.

It is a matter of lasting regret to my wife and myself that circumstances precluded acceptance of repeated invitations to spend some days with him at Walmer. In the first instance the visit was deferred owing to clashing of engagements. Subsequently it was fixed for the Easter Recess of 1891, approach to which found



Lord Granville confined to his bed in South Audley Street, and the close saw him buried in the churchyard near his Staffordshire home. The world was a good deal poorer for the death of such a man. His passing away was like the withdrawal of a flood of sunlight.

The last years of an honourable life were made increasingly pleasant by succession to the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports with a historic seaside residence. He told me a curious story about his first sight of Walmer Castle. On his second marriage, in the year 1865, he and his bride set forth on a honeymoon trip to the south of Europe. Halting at Dover, they agreed to go over to Deal to see Walmer Castle. Lord Palmerston, the Lord Warden, chanced to be at Broadlands, but they were shown all over the place, and amused themselves by projecting various alterations and improvements supposing it were theirs. They proceeded on their journey, and two or three weeks later Lord Granville received a letter from Earl Russell offering him the post of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, with Walmer Castle to boot. In the brief interval since they had visited the castle Lord Palmerston had died and Earl Russell reigned in his stead.

Like Pitt and Wellington, Lord Granville was much attached to Walmer. He spent as much time there as might be spared from his ministerial duties. It was characteristic of his sunny, genial nature that, whilst making various alterations and improvements in the castle, he would never set up a study for himself, nor any other private room to work in. He had a table in the drawing-room, and there he sat, busy with his private correspondence or the affairs of State. There was no fear of disturbing him by conversation, or even by the games and romps of the children. In these, the Foreign Secretary, finding the temptation irresistible, would often join for a few moments, and then sedately go back to his work. The drawing-room at Walmer looks out on the ramparts, to which there is direct access. In summer-time this is a charming outlook, bright with flower-beds set about between obsolete cannon and piles of cannon-balls that have found their final billet.

The Lord Warden was fond of sitting on the ramparts, telescope in hand, endeavouring to make out the signals from ships going to and fro in the Downs. The guesses were written down, and the next morning's papers eagerly consulted, not with first intent to see what they were saying in Russia or Germany, or how Mr. Gladstone's latest Land Bill was faring in the Commons, but to find out from Lloyd's reports whether on the previous afternoon



they had truly made out the ship's signals and rightly recorded her name.

Whether as leader of the House of Lords or in Opposition it was delightful to watch encounters between him and Lord Salisbury. Each found in the other a foeman worthy of his steel. The sub-joined letter seems to indicate that whilst admiring Lord Salisbury's skill as a swordsman, Lord Granville had not learnt to repose unqualified confidence in his official statements.

*From Earl Granville.*

' 18 Carlton House Terrace, S.W. June 30, 1886.

'DEAR MR. LUCY,—In connection with Lord Salisbury's contradictions it might be worth your while to refer to his flat contradiction of Lord Derby's statement of the circumstances of his resignation, Lord Salisbury backing himself by stating that his colleagues concurred with him. Lord Derby is one of the most accurate of men, who, I happen to know, keeps a daily written record of what passes.

' Yours sincerely,  
GRANVILLE.

'P.S. I sought during twenty-four hours for an impromptu repartee to your last. Not finding it, I left it alone.'

Lord Dufferin, who went later to Walmer Castle, did not live there much, and after brief incumbency of the office resigned the Lord Wardenship. He found the honour unexpectedly costly. Owing to high appointments abroad as representative in various functions of his Sovereign, Lord Dufferin was little known in the House of Lords. He never set himself to the task, easy to one of his supreme capacity, of attaining a leading position. He was at his best in his Ambassadorial capacity, as Governor-General of Canada or Viceroy of India. For these offices he possessed in extraordinary degree the qualities which command success. Among his birthrights were great tact, marvellous patience, untiring energy, and a gay good-humour that brightened every step he took.

I went to Canada in 1878 as the special correspondent of the *Daily News* charged with the mission of recording the installation of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General on the retirement of Lord Dufferin. Travelling through the greater part of Canada, I enjoyed opportunities of conversing with people in all classes of society, and with politicians of every shade of opinion. I did not hear a single discordant note in the chorus of praise of Lord Dufferin.

Everybody, from Manitoba to Halifax, knew him personally, for he seems to have found opportunities of conversing individually with every man and woman of the population he was called upon to govern. A station-master at a remote junction told me how whilst waiting for a train he got out and cheerfully chatted with the country people who waited like himself. A lady who led the fashionable world at Ottawa testified that he always said a graceful thing at the right moment. A policeman related with unprofessional enthusiasm how, when the Governor-General was leaving Quebec before embarking for England, he cheerily shook hands with the eight stalwart policemen who answered for order in the neighbourhood of the wharf. A soldier spoke with pride of his affection for the army; a sailor repeated a confidential communication which disclosed his lordship's unflinching predilection for the navy; a politician admiringly admitted that touching politics he said nothing.

On succession to the Earldom of Derby, the gentleman long known in the House of Commons as Frederick Stanley gratefully subsided into the comparative obscurity of the House of Lords, no more to be heard of in high administrative functions. That he should previously have come so prominently to the fore was testimony to the influence birth and station still have in this country in spite of the advance of democracy. A man of strong common sense and sound judgment, he had none of the statesmanlike qualities of the brother to whose earldom he succeeded. Much less did he recall his father—

‘The brilliant chief, irregularly great;  
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate.’

When he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, in the Government of Mr. Disraeli, it appeared that, even taking into account his connection with the Stanley family, he had reached the utmost limit of his opportunity, and received the fullest acknowledgment of his claims. Perhaps that would have proved to be the case but for the accident of his brother's breaking away at the time of the Jingo fever of 1876-8. When the fifteenth Lord Derby resigned office, and threatened to go over to the enemy, Lord Beaconsfield played off his brother against him, making him Secretary of State for War, with a seat in the Cabinet. From that time forward a Conservative Government, desirous of having

the alliance of the Derby family, looked after Frederick Stanley, making him successively Colonial Secretary, President of the Board of Trade, and Governor-General of Canada, with a brand-new peerage.

He improved somewhat with practice, but at the outset was one of the most involved speakers that ever stood at the table. I remember one night in the Parliament of 1874, whilst Disraeli was yet with us, Colonel Stanley, as he was then known, was put up to speak from the Treasury Bench. He floundered along for fully twenty minutes in painful fashion, and seemed to have reached a final collapse. The Premier, sitting just behind him, had, contrary to his usual habit, encouraged him with an occasional friendly cheer. Now he leaned forward, and, with that curious wrinkling of the face that in later years served him for a smile, whispered the last words of Marmion, 'On ! Stanley, on !'

The effort was well meant and the quotation apt. But it had directly opposite effect to that desired, the unhappy orator, after a few more jerky sentences, abruptly resuming his seat.

For some years before his death Lord Sherbrooke had been an extinct volcano. If he had not married again, he would doubtless have disappeared from the political and social scene. But the lady who began by being Robert Lowe's secretary and finished by being Lord Sherbrooke's wife, was not disposed to hide his fading light under a bushel. With dauntless pertinacity she literally 'took him out,' leading him into quiet corners of crowded drawing-rooms, or guiding him to his seat in the side gallery of the House of Lords. In either aspect it was a pathetic sight to those who remembered 'Bob' Lowe in his prime. Perhaps the old gladiator would have been better and happier at home. The whole thing was sadly like Samson what time he made sport for the Philistines gathered on a gala day in the city of Gaza. Not that there was anything of Delilah about Lady Sherbrooke. But he, in his day an intellectual Samson, was woefully shorn of his strength, and seemed pitifully out of place in these gay, bustling scenes.

I wonder if there are any reminiscences of the young Oxford tutor, who, having just been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, went out to New South Wales and carried all before him ? Probably some are still living who remember the white-haired, pink-eyed youth with his hesitating delivery, his thin voice, his awkward gestures, and his brilliant piercing phrases. Lowe brought back

from the antipodes strong prejudices against democracy that lasted all his life, and did much to hamper his career. Ever a fighting man, he from time to time crossed swords in the House of Commons with Disraeli, Bright, Gladstone, and the statesman who was then known as Lord Robert Cecil. He was only seventy when he left the Commons, an age by no means incompatible with fresh triumphs in the new scene. But Robert Lowe died in the House of Commons. The Viscount Sherbrooke who for a time blinked upon the House of Lords from a seat behind his old colleagues in the Liberal Ministry was a feeble ghost, wandering aimlessly among the memories of a brilliant past.

At first he was pretty constant in his attendance upon the House of Lords, and came to be reckoned by the Conservative Whip as a safe vote in any contest with Liberal effort. As the years passed his blindness increased, and he could not be trusted to find his way in and out among the benches and through the division lobbies. Then it was his faithful wife took him in hand, and on big nights brought him down to the House, sitting with him in the side gallery, whilst he looked on and seemed to follow the debate. The House cleared for the division, he was led downstairs and handed over to the charge of a friendly peer, who conducted him through the division lobby. In due time he was taken home, cheered by dim sense that he had done fresh service to his country, once more helping to stem the tide of that democracy which had been the bugbear of his life.

He lived to see it steadily advancing, falsifying all the fearsome prophecies whereby he attempted to stay its progress.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A GROUP OF PEERS (*concluded*).

LORD COTTESLOE—THE DUKE OF RUTLAND—LORD CRANBROOK—  
THE MARQUIS OF RIPON—LORD NORTON—LORD STRATHEDEN  
AND CAMPBELL—LORD GRANARD—LORD BASING—LORD  
STRATHNAIRN—LORD ONSLOW.

THE first Lord Cottesloe was born two years before the nineteenth century. For twenty years, from 1826 to 1846, he was known in the House of Commons as Mr. Fremantle, Member for Buckinghamshire. In successive Governments he was Secretary to the

Treasury, Secretary of State for War, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. Whether at the War Office or Irish Office his heart ever rested with the Treasury. His pleasantest reminiscences were of the days when as Financial Secretary he assisted the Chancellor of the Exchequer in preparing his budget. When no longer privileged to take his seat in the Commons he was, as it is written in police-court reports, 'accommodated with a seat' under the gallery. As a member of the House, seated under the Peers' gallery or privileged to find a resting-place in it, he through the uninterrupted space of half a century heard every budget speech made.

Baring was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer at whose feet he sat. Then in succession Henry Goulburn, in Peel's second Administration; Sir Charles Wood hopelessly involved in speech, Dizzy at length indispensable and Leader of the House, Gladstone delivering his first budget speech in 1852, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Ward Hunt, 'Bob' Lowe, Stafford Northcote, Childers, Hicks-Beach, Harcourt with his solitary budget speech, and last of all Goschen.

Fremantle was sitting under the gallery when Gladstone walked out of the House at prorogation of the Session of 1873. When in the early days of 1874 the Liberal Premier toppled from power with a fall as great as Lucifer's, one of his last acts was to make Fremantle a peer, so that from the vantage-ground of the gallery in the Commons he might pursue his study of successive budget speeches. Inevitably Lord Cottesloe at ninety was not so vigorous as when he listened to Gladstone's five-hours' budget speech. Having heard in succession four from Goschen he drooped and died—which some malicious fellow-sufferers said was no wonder.

The last time I chatted with him he was leaving the Peers' Gallery on budget night, 1889, when Goschen had travelled through only the first hour of his speech, less than half the full distance. This early withdrawal was a sign of physical weakness that presaged the end. When budget night came round again Lord Cottesloe had gone to join Peel, Dizzy, Stafford Northcote, Ward Hunt, and others of the majority.

The picturesque figure of the seventh Duke of Rutland was long familiar in English political life. His prominence, it is true, was due rather to a series of accidents than to exceptional capacity. Born at Belvoir three years after Waterloo was fought, he was

contingent heir to a dukedom. Entering politics as colleague of Gladstone in the representation of Newark, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Disraeli, who, in spite of his start in life as a Radical, dearly loved ducal connections. He immortalised his young friend as Lord Henry Sydney in 'Coningsby.' Lord John Manners, as he then was, wrote something even more famous, a couple of lines which through threescore years clung to him like a limpet.

Noticing 'England's Trust and other Poems' when published, the *Quarterly Review* wrote :

'Lord John Manners is a young nobleman, aged twenty-seven, hopeful, generous, benevolent, and well disposed.'

Really that says all that might be written not only of Lord John Manners, but of the seventh Duke of Rutland. Yet from the first he was carefully provided for by the State. Whenever the Conservatives were in power he was certain of getting something snug. When the greater Lord Derby first became Premier, he made Lord John, then in his thirty-fourth year, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, with a seat in the Cabinet. Up to and including Lord Salisbury's second term of office, in which he was Chancellor of the Duchy, he was taken care of as anxiously as if he were 'Dowd' himself.

What was officially alluded to as his 'resignation' of the Postmaster-Generalship, and his acceptance of the sinecure post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster when, with the assistance of the Dissident Liberals, Lord Salisbury formed his memorable Ministry of 1886, excited some surprise. That it was not an arrangement suggested by Lord John appears from the following letter :

*From Lady John Manners.*

'73 Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park 30 July, 1886.

'DEAR MR. LUCY,—Allow me to thank you for the kind manner in which you referred to Lord John Manners as Postmaster-General. His acceptance of the Duchy of Lancaster—a less important and less remunerative position—was simply owing to the fact that Lord Salisbury wished to give the other to Mr. Raikes. Lord John has no intention of ceasing to work. He has been forty-three years in the House of Commons, has sat in five Cabinets and really likes work.

'Yours faithfully,  
JANETT MANNERS.'



With an interval of three sessions Lord John sat in the Commons for forty-seven years. If during that period Newark, Colchester, and North Leicestershire had successively returned a Maypole as their representative, the courses of public life and political thought would not have appreciably varied. Lord John always looked tall and graceful, even picturesque. So would a Maypole. Apart from his personality and appearance, which were fascinating, his career marked the close of a stage in the history of England. It would be impossible in existing circumstances. Even to-day a duke counts for something in the Conservative camp. It gives one a preferential claim to office over merely able men. But the tradition cannot be carried to extremes as it was in the case of Lord John Manners. Modern democracy thinks much more of commerce, laws, and learning than of our old nobility.

The first Lord Cranbrook, better known as Gathorne Hardy, made his mark by defeating Gladstone at Oxford University in 1865, leading to matters much more momentous than the transference of a seat in Parliament. It was when driven away from the arms of Alma Mater, taking refuge in democratic Lancashire, that Gladstone triumphantly declared himself 'unmuzzled' and, finally severing himself from Tory traditions, entered on the career of a ruthless reformer.

This victory sufficed to raise Gathorne Hardy to Cabinet rank in the short-lived Tory Government, which, through Disraeli's agency, gave an astonished country household suffrage.

The secret of his success was that he was able to deliver at breathless pace, with loud voice and animated gestures, expression of what country gentlemen and beneficed clergy thought they thought. He put commonplaces into glowing language, sometimes exciting wild enthusiasm among the Conservative majority, especially if the speech were delivered after dinner.

It was in the Parliament of 1874, when Disraeli made him Secretary of State for War, that he became a power. Four years later he was Secretary for India, with a peerage, retaining the office till the *débâcle* of the Conservatives in 1880. When, in 1886, with the assistance of the Dissident Liberals, they came back to power, Cranbrook was shelved with the office of President of the Council. This he retained till 1892, when he retired from active service.

I have vivid recollection of him in the Parliament of 1874-80



where he loomed large on the Treasury Bench. He was a man of volcanic energy, torrential fluency of speech. I find among notes made at the time, under date April 13, 1877, the following entry: 'It is not the least fortunate circumstance in the condition of the Ministry that they have for these occasions a speaker like Gathorne Hardy to follow the Leader of the Opposition.' (Hartington, at the time holding that post, had made a damaging speech on 'the spirited foreign policy' in vogue under Disraeli's inspiration.) 'There is no one equal to the Secretary for War for stirring the life blood of good Conservatives, making their pulses beat with the consciousness that they are once more assisting at the salvation of the Constitution. I believe that if, on an occasion like to-night, Gathorne Hardy were placed in a sound-proof glass case in full view of the Conservative party, he would, as he spoke, albeit no words reached them, raise their spirits in almost equal degree, would certainly draw forth outbursts of applause scarcely less enthusiastic. He is so buoyant, so enthusiastic, in short, so breathless, that he carries away his audience, more particularly those sections of it which are prepared to be convinced.'

Years later, his third son, Alfred, came into the House. His voice was so like his father's, his rush of words equally breathless, his eloquence not less swelling, that, closing one's eyes, it seemed as if the War Minister of Disraeli's day were back in his old haunts.

Two or three years before Lord Cranbrook's death I happened to meet him at the country house of a kinsman of his, a neighbour of mine. After luncheon we went into the library, where, it is reasonable to suppose, a veteran approaching his ninetieth year would have found an arm-chair attractive and a book desirable as an excuse for a nap. Lord Cranbrook disdained the comparative ease even of an upright chair. He stood for nearly an hour talking about old Parliamentary days, betraying that yearning affection for the House of Commons which never leaves an old member after he has been banished to the dignified exile of the House of Lords.

Staying at Grantly Hall with Sir Christopher (not yet Lord) Furness in the autumn of 1905 I motored over to Studley Royal to congratulate Lord Ripon on attainment of his seventy-eighth birthday. I found him seated in his study. On either side of a fireplace hung relics of which he was justly proud. One was a

miniature of Oliver Cromwell painted from life. With the exception of one in the Pitti Palace, it is the only one of this class the world possesses. Considering the centuries that have elapsed since Oliver sat for the picture, it is wonderfully fresh, strikingly lifelike. A significant circumstance is that, whilst of the genuineness of the miniature there is no question, the likeness differs from all other known portraits of the Protector. Near the entrance to the smoking-room of the House of Commons there stands a beautiful bust of Cromwell, presented by a private collector. This also differs from accepted portraits and busts. But it is of such fine workmanship and presents such strong individuality, that in Parliamentary circles it has been accepted as the real thing. It bears no resemblance to the original miniature at Studley Royal.

The other historic relic was a brass plate simply narrating in the Latin tongue the years of the birth and death of his Highness the Protector. It was affixed, Lord Ripon told me, to Cromwell's coffin when, in November 1658, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Two years later, Charles II. coming into his own, the body of the great warrior-statesman was dug up, conveyed to Tyburn, and there hung high on the gallows. The coffin being broken up, one of the King's men wrenched off the brass plate, which, after many vicissitudes, came into the possession of the Ripons, who have a special interest in it since they have the blood of Oliver Cromwell in their veins.

Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of John Hampden, another ancestor. Thus the first Marquis of Ripon, sitting in his study on his seventy-eighth birthday, was in close company with principal statesmen of the Commonwealth.

Beyond increasing deafness, Lord Ripon neither intellectually nor physically betrayed the far advance of years. He closely followed political events, finding bodily recreation with his gun, walking with the best of them through a long day's shoot. Observing that I had been lecturing in the neighbourhood on 'Prime Ministers I have known,' he asked me how many they were. I told him five.

'Five!' he cried. 'Why I have known ten, beginning with my father, though I confess I was not at that time fully alive to the circumstance.'

As Lord Ripon was born in October 1827, and his father, Viscount Goderich, became Premier on Canning's death in August of the same year, resigning in the year following, Master George

Frederick Samuel's opportunities of studying the situation were naturally limited.

Lord Norton, at that time Sir Charles Adderley, filled the office of President of the Board of Trade, where he came in contact with Mr. Plimsoll in a memorable House of Commons scene, which led to the passing of the Merchant Shipping Bill, and the establishment of what is to this day known as Plimsoll's loading line. Adderley was pre-eminently a dull man ; so Dizzy made him a peer. Even in the first Disraeli Ministry he, by reason of his age, was regarded as a Nestor. Born in 1814, he, at the time of his leaving the House, had been a member of it for nearly half a century. He knew Lord Beaconsfield when he was D'Israeli the Younger and wore ringlets. He sat on the same bench as Gladstone when the ex-Liberal Premier was a Tory and championed the union of Church and State. He knew Palmerston when he was a disregarded and underrated junior Minister. He was a contemporary of the old, old man at Pembroke Lodge when he was Lord John Russell, and the fate of empires brooded under his disproportionate hat. He knew Bright when he was regarded in the House of Commons as an evil cross between Tom Paine and Cobbett—a man who, it was true, believed in God, but who openly doubted the divine right of landlords. He took his seat for North Staffordshire whilst Stafford Northcote was at Oxford being coached for his B.A. Gathorne Hardy had been only twelve months called to the Bar when Adderley entered Parliament. As for Hartington, he had just been promoted to jacket and trousers, and his ambition was bounded by the possibility of making a peg-top spin.

The quaint figure of Lord Stratheden and Campbell was as well known in the Commons as on the other side of the octagon Hall. It was his daily habit through the Session to repair to the House of Commons as soon as the Lords were up, take a seat in the Peers' Gallery and straightway go to sleep. His great forte was foreign affairs, in which he took a strong rather than an intelligent interest. Never a Session passed that there did not stand on the agenda of the House of Lords a resolution in the name of Lord Stratheden and Campbell, calling attention to some delicate and intricate question of foreign policy. These resolutions had a way of not coming off that might have been embarrassing. Often the noble lord was content to leave one on the paper for a day unnamed. If he named the day he was not always in his place to seize the opportunity when

it presented itself. More probably the Foreign Secretary was strategically absent.

It was high comedy to see Lord Salisbury on the occasions when Lord Stratheden and Campbell took the floor and talked of things present and to come in their relation to foreign policy. He was obliged to sit and listen, and sometimes felt called upon to reply. This last he did with an exquisite irony none the less enjoyed by the House since it was evident that the person immediately concerned was impervious. Lord Stratheden and Campbell was, in short, a dull, well-meaning, tiresome old gentleman, tolerated only because he was a peer—nay, even two peers in one. He had a curious habit in his passage between the two Houses of walking on tiptoe, a custom adopted, it was said, so that the noise of his footfall might not disturb the counsel on Foreign Affairs Stratheden was taking with Campbell and Campbell with Stratheden.

A story which, if not true, is picturesquely invented, is told in the smoking-room of the House of Commons as to how Lord Granard became a member of His Majesty's Government. A captain in the Scots Guards, he held the unique position of being the only member of the officers' mess professing Liberal principles. This was frequently made the occasion of good-natured badinage. One day in 1906, whilst Campbell-Bannerman was in town engaged upon the task of forming his Government, Lord Granard received a note from the Premier inviting him to call at Belgrave Square. Hastening to obey the summons, he was duly admitted to the presence of the Cabinet-maker.

He was surprised and finally embarrassed by Campbell-Bannerman's evident reluctance to come to the point. He started various topics of conversation, and did not fail to observe that the over-worked Premier was growing impatient at the length of his visit. At last Campbell-Bannerman, half rising, banteringly asked whether he could do anything for his morning caller. Fortunately Lord Granard had brought with him his summons, which was promptly denounced as a hoax.

'But as you are here,' Campbell-Bannerman continued, 'I should feel it a great advantage if you would accept the post of Lord-in-Waiting, which would give you the opportunity of conducting in the House of Lords some departmental business.'

The offer was promptly accepted. Lord Granard decidedly had the best of the joke, since he obtained honourable ministerial office

and a salary of £702 a year, a sum considerably in excess of a captain's pay.

Lord Basing, better known as Sclater-Booth, was a type of an English Minister of the Crown now extinct. He was the moderately intelligent, not too broad-minded, country gentleman whom Disraeli found convenient as a makeweight in a Conservative Government. But that was forty years ago, and a great deal has happened in the interval, so much that even in a Conservative Government there is, as in the case of Lord John Manners, no more place for Sclater-Booths. In the House of Commons he is remembered as supplying the provocation which drew forth the earliest of Lord Randolph Churchill's outbursts. In the Session of 1878 he was in charge of a Local Government Bill, which moved the profoundest depths of Lord Randolph's then vigorous indignation. He fell upon the project with appalling vigour, and smote the hapless President hip and thigh.

'Remarkable,' he said, looking down at a back view of Sclater-Booth seated bolt upright on the Treasury Bench, 'how often we find mediocrity with a double-barrelled name.'

Not less remarkable was the fact that Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill shared the peculiarity of nomenclature he sneered at.

He was good enough to say he didn't mind the President of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of inspectors of nuisances. 'But I do entertain,' said Randolph, smiting the palm of his left hand with a gesture soon to grow familiar to the House where he was then almost unknown, 'the strongest possible objection to his coming down here with all the appearance of a great lawgiver to repair, according to his small ideas and in his little way, breaches in the British Constitution.'

In those days I was a 'prentice hand in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. In the box next to mine sat a veteran journalist who had known the House in Palmerston's time, and, I think, earlier. Conservative in politics, he shared to the full Randolph Churchill's impatience with poor Sclater-Booth. That right hon. gentleman was decidedly of aldermanic proportions and ever conveyed the impression that he had just risen after an ample midday meal. My neighbour had a fantastic idea that he habitually lunched off tripe, chitterlings, and other possibly nourishing, but reputedly inferior meats. As the President of the Local Government Board walked up the House with his head thrown back, his 'lower

chest' well in advance, and his hands hanging limp by his side, I used to hear the old man on my left muttering to himself, as he glared upon the unoffending and unsuspecting Minister, 'Chitterlings again, I suppose. Triped up to your throat.'

It was difficult to recognise in the voluble deaf old gentleman who in the early 'eighties was constantly in society a gallant officer who played a distinguished part in the Indian Mutiny. Lord Strathnairn had reached his eighty-second year, and though up to the limit of fourscore he wonderfully maintained his strength alike of body and mind, he fell away grievously during the last two years.

The last time I met him was at the mess of the Royal Horse Guards, of which he was colonel. He was full of a project he had for importing sheep from Spain—an enthusiasm at the moment checked by the operation of a prohibitive Order in Council. Overlooking this edict, Lord Strathnairn shipped the sheep; they arrived at Bristol, and permission to land being refused except on condition that they should be instantly slaughtered, he sent them back again. They were of a costly kind, designed for breeding purposes, and, as he observed, would be no use to him to cut up into legs and shoulders, loins and haunches.

I never heard whether he finally got the sheep landed, but was much struck at the time by the total absorption of his mind by this subject. He gave it as much thought as he had given to the military operations carried out in the midst of a revolt in India which closed with the fall of Jhansi.

He had a poor opinion of the House of Lords. He told me he never meant to speak there again. It was no use; he was never reported—a state of things not difficult to understand. Nearly stone deaf, he, like most deaf people, pitched his voice in an almost inaudible key. With him the title lapsed, for he was never married. It was characteristic of the old Baron that after he had turned eighty he began restoring an ancient house near Fenny Stratford. He talked a good deal of going to live there and playing the lord of the manor. He died in an hotel at Paris.

Debarred by his peerage from taking a seat in the House of Commons, with the possibility of some day being conducted to the Speaker's Chair, it was an appropriate conclusion that the fourth Earl of Onslow should have been appointed to the important position of Lord Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. His family connection with the loftiest Parliamentary position



goes back as far as the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first Baron Onslow was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1708. He was succeeded by a kinsman who occupied the Chair from 1727 to 1761, an exceptionally long period of thirty-four years.

Lord Onslow took a special pride and pleasure in his Lord Chairmanship. The following letter indicates how jealous he was for full appreciation of its importance :

*From the Earl of Onslow.*

‘House of Lords. Friday, 22 April, 1910.

‘MY DEAR “TOBY M.P.,”—I enjoyed my luncheon on Wednesday greatly (as I always do the pleasant company one meets at your house) and I was sorry to have to run away before the conclusion of the proceedings.

‘But the object of my letter is to express my surprise at what Lady Lucy said to me about the work of my Department, and which from a hurried word across the table, I think is shared by you.

‘She said she thought my only duty was, when the House of Lords was in Committee, to sit at the head of that table.

‘Now I look upon you as the greatest of our Parliamentary historians in the present day, and I hope I am entirely mistaken in thinking that you *too* are of opinion that the duties of the Lord Chairman begin and end where Lady Lucy thought they did.

‘If not I must crave a brief interview to put before you what are the facts, lest in some future (or perhaps present) volume on the work of Parliament which you may publish you should write labouring under so great a misapprehension.

‘I need hardly say I do not write to magnify my office, but merely in the interests of historical accuracy.

‘Very truly yours,  
ONSLow.’

(Concluded.)



SPRAGGE'S CANYON.<sup>1</sup>

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN.

## I.

SAMANTHA did not appear at the supper-table. When George, with a man's indiscreet curiosity, asked his mother what ailed her, Mrs. Spragge replied shortly :

'Samanthy's gone to bed with the awfulest headache.'

'Gone to bed with a headache,' repeated George.

'Yas.'

'Guess she got overhet. Hot spell we've bin hevin', an' no fogs. Moon'll rise late ter-night.' He looked at Hazel. 'It'll be nice an' cool by the creek after supper.'

Hazel's eyes remained demurely fixed upon her plate.

Conversation languished.

Presently George said wonderingly :

'Never knowed Samanthy go to bed with a headache. Hope she ain't sickenin' fer the diphtery.'

He looked anxiously at his mother, remembering well that dread visitation, and the awful headache which had preceded his own illness.

'Rubbish!' replied Mrs. Spragge. Then she added tartly : 'Men allers expect womenfolk ter be up an' about till they drop. You guessed right fer a wonder. Samanthy, pore child, has bin overhet.'

Hazel displayed a slight confusion which George failed to notice. He did remark, however, with bounding pulses, that she looked prettier than ever, and more alert. He decided that she was the 'brightest' thing he had ever beheld. What a source of light—and heat! In her turn, Hazel was struck by George's appearance. He, too, was glowing with health and excitement. Each glance that he bestowed upon his beloved expressed a high note of approval. He was awaiting, in a fever of delightful

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1914, by H. A. Vachell, in the United States of America.

anticipation, her 'nod.' Meanwhile he laughed at his mother's petulance.

'Pears to me, Maw, that the sun's warmed you up considerable!'

He turned to address Hazel:

'I saw that colt this afternoon. It's all right, quite frisky agen.'

Hazel gave a little shiver of disgust.

'Ugh! I hate to think of it. Has any human being ever been bitten in these hills?'

George glanced at his mother warningly. But Mrs. Spragge was looking at Hazel.

'Two children,' she answered.

'Did they die?'

Mrs. Spragge nodded.

'A sad mishap. The parents was neighbours of ours, Pikers, a shiftless lot. The man never did clean out anything outside the shack, an' the woman was jest as bad inside. I've often thought to myself 'twas as well the children was took.'

'But how were they taken?' asked Hazel, leaning forward, her face aflame with interest. 'Surely they were not bitten at the same time?'

'Yes, they was.'

George tried to interfere—too late.

'Now, Maw, what's the use o' rakin' up them stories? Hazel won't sleep ter-night.'

'Please go on, Mrs. Spragge.'

'It seems the mother was washin', an' the two children was playin' around. They was three an' four years old, little girls. I mind 'em well, because I'd given 'em some frocks.'

She sighed heavily.

'Presently,' continued Mrs. Spragge, 'the mother noticed that the babies had wandered off, but she went on with the washin'—mighty slim her washin' used ter be! I mind me ther wan't a garment on her line that a Spragge'd hev worn. Wal, after a time she found the little girls. They'd gone into an old shed. They was both dead, bitten in half a dozen places. The hull shed was alive with rattlers.'

'Oh!' gasped Hazel. Her face became the colour of milk.

'The mother went crazy fer a time. They abandoned their claim. We run our cattle over it. Nobody took it up. I dessay the shed is still thar, an' a breedin' place for rattlers.'

Her voice died away. Hazel soon recovered her pretty colour, but Mrs. Spragge exhibited a strange listlessness. The telling of her grim story seemed to have affected her. Her eyes lost their fire. She relapsed into silence. When supper was over she rose wearily and began to clear away, refusing Hazel's offer to help. George began to fill his pipe; Hazel walked to the open window. Mrs. Spragge coughed nervously.

'I've a something ter say, George.'

George stopped filling his pipe. He noticed an odd quaver in Mrs. Spragge's voice. She continued:

'Mebbe, I'd oughter hev said it before.' She was gazing sorrowfully at her son. Now, with a slight change of tone, she spoke to Hazel, challenging her attention instantly: 'George has bin a good son to me. We've hed no trouble—*none*!'

As she spoke, George moved nearer to her with a smile upon his pleasant face. No outsider beholding those two could have questioned the absolute truth of what the mother had just said. Between them existed that tremendous bond which is quite independent of blood. Each understood the other, because they happened to be alike in character and temperament.

George exclaimed proudly:

'We couldn't hev trouble, me an' you, Maw. What ails ye?'

'I'm older, my son. Lemme finish! Thar might be trouble 'twixt me an' you, big trouble, if I held my tongue ter-night. When you marry, an' I want ye ter marry, yer wife must be mistress in her own house. An', so long as I live, I reckon ter be mistress in mine. We've never talked o' dividing things, but I'm ready to git outer this house when you say the word. Or, if it suits ye better, I'll stay right here, an' you build lower down the Canyon, whar there's a fine site. We kin divide up the land an' stock or not, jest as it pleases you. You've a plenty o' money to fix yerself up in real good shape. And—ther's another thing—I sha'n't be traipsin' in an' out of yer home, upsettin' yer wife. Samanthy an' me'll git along fine. I allow that she's the only woman in the world that I could live with in peace an' comfort. That's all.'

Hazel saw that George was petrified with astonishment and intensely moved. She may have realised the nature of the bond between these two persons, as she gazed keenly into her lover's troubled face. For the moment he had forgotten her. His eyes devoured his mother; his outstretched hands were eloquent of a protest which he was manifestly unable to put into words. Mrs.

Spragge dominated him by force of habit rather than by superior strength of character.

'Sep'rate?' he ejaculated.

She bowed her fine head.

'It ain't possible, mother.'

'It—must—be—so.'

He sank into a chair, hiding his face in his hands. Hazel turned again to the open window, peering out into the night. She could hear the creek on its way to the ocean, and the chorus of frogs; she could smell the pungent odours of sage and tarweed, but she could see nothing except the soft velvety darkness outside, which seemed to encompass her even as it encompassed the Canyon which she hated. For the moment the future seemed to be blotted out together with the past. The present remained, dark and mysterious.

Mrs. Spragge went into the kitchen, leaving the man and maid alone.

## II.

Something of her magnetic influence may have gone with her. Hazel's first feeling, undoubtedly, could be recognised as a sense of gratitude. Mrs. Spragge, wittingly or unwittingly, had spared her an odious task. But gratitude became tempered by the reflection that Mrs. Spragge was making another task much more difficult. Nor could she doubt that George's mother knew this, and had planned to rob her of a sharp weapon, or at least dull its edge. The justifiable plea that it is inexpedient for a young wife to live with her mother-in-law would have made it easy for Hazel to propose, with generous altruism, the giving up of the homestead to the mother. Upon some such lines she had prepared her plan of campaign. She hoped, of course, that the suggestion to leave the Canyon would emanate from George first, after she had whispered softly: 'George, dear, do you want your wife to become a cypher in your house?'

Now, quite suddenly, she realised that such *finesse* would be futile. Nor could she hope that George would give her time to make fresh plans. In a minute he would speak with that inherited directness of speech which she feared and detested. In fine, a crisis had been precipitated by Mrs. Spragge. Gratitude fled! The instinct of self-preservation took its place. If George spoke

tempestuously, she might be carried away on a flood of emotion. Let her then speak first.

She touched his arm timidly. He raised his head. She saw tears in his eyes, a face twisted by distress.

'Don't say anything now,' she whispered. 'I know how you feel.'

Her voice was sweet, very beguiling, brimming with sympathy. George rose up shamefaced, dashing the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

'I couldn't help it.'

'Why! I love you for it. Any woman would!'

'Let's go outside,' he said.

She hesitated, afraid of the darkness, but quick to understand that talk in the parlour might be interrupted by Mrs. Spragge. Supper things must be removed, order must be re-established.

She followed him on to the front porch, down the steps, and as far as the bench upon which she had sat with Wilbur. After all, it was not so very dark. The stars were shining with misty luminance, heaven seen through the haze of earth. As she followed her lover, with what he may have taken to indicate obedience and sweet humility, Hazel decided how she would deal with him, whereas a wiser and older woman might have considered how a strong, passionate nature would deal with her, and have thus prepared herself against emergency. It never occurred to her, for example, that she had overplayed her part. She had come too close to George; she had touched his arm; he had felt her soft breath upon his cheek, and its warm fragrance intoxicated him. Lastly, her beguiling words, 'I love you for it,' indicated, surely, that barriers were broken down.

When they reached the bench, he turned swiftly, took her in his arms, and began to rain kisses upon her hair, her eyes, her lips. She had wondered what passion was like. At last she knew.

We must admit that she had been kissed before. Tarrant had kissed her, a tentative salute, provoking Hazel's wrath and Tarrant's stammering proposal of marriage. Her lips were virgin.

For a moment Hazel remained passive; then, whirled out of herself, she clung to George, not yet returning his kisses, but giving herself up to them. She was filled with an enchanting satisfaction, a heavenly lassitude, a relaxation of tired, over-strained tissues. George lifted her from the ground; she closed her eyes.

'Oh! You darling!' he murmured.

He sat down, holding her upon his lap, pressing her to him. Presently, he laid his head against her bosom, and then exclaimed joyously :

'Gee! Yer dear heart beats as hard as mine. You sweet love!'

Carried away by this, almost swooning with emotion, Hazel kissed him. George heard her breath sob in her throat; he felt her small, soft arms encircling his neck; he believed—fond fool—that such a surrender must be unconditional.

In a triumphant voice he exclaimed :

'Now yer breathin' deep an' good.'

She made no reply. Her lips came eagerly to meet his.

### III.

Such moments would not be so deliriously obsessing if they lasted. Generally, moreover, they are interrupted, and the spell is broken. In this instance, the slamming of a window above the porch, the window of Samantha's bedroom, hurled Hazel from heaven to earth. Samantha, indeed, was sitting at her window when the lovers left the house. Some of George's impassioned words drifted to her unhappy ears. She had listened, shamelessly, unable to tear herself away. Then, in revulsion, she had tried to close the window. She had meant to close it noiselessly. The warped, ancient frame stuck; a too-violent effort betrayed itself.

'That was Samanthy's window,' said George.

She knew from the tone of his voice that he was miserably conscious of Samantha's eavesdropping; conscious, also, of what she must be suffering.

Passion departed—as it had come—swiftly.

Hazel slipped from George's lap. He made no effort to detain her. She sat beside him, thinking, knowing that he was too distraught to think as she could and did. She smiled in the darkness, well pleased to discover that reason could reassume its sway over the emotions. Reason told her that George was in her power, that he would grant anything she chose to ask.

She put her lips close to his ear.

'Samantha loves you, George.'

He gave a groan more articulate than any words.

'That just settles it,' said Hazel firmly.

He said slowly :

'Settles—what?'

She took his hand, holding it tenderly.

'How I hate to hurt you!'

'Hurt me? You?'

'I must hurt you. Your mother hurt you just now. She was quite right, and you know it. She will always be mistress in her own house. And you would wish me to be mistress in mine!'

'I dunno! I'd never faced that till this evenin'.'

'You must face it—now.'

'I s'pose so. Yes,' his tone became more hopeful, 'we kin build lower down the Canyon. 'Twon't be necessary to divide the land or the stock either. Things'll pan out right.'

'They might,' said Hazel, 'if it were not for Samantha. And it would be cruel to ask her to leave your mother; but is the Canyon big enough to hold her and me?'

'You ain't ever goin' to ask me to skin out?'

'Isn't it your duty, dear?'

'Not much.'

'Wait. I'll tell you something. Mr. Stocker, who came here to-day, wants me to marry him.'

'I suspicioned that. Can't say I blame him.'

'Would you like him to be living within half a mile of us, upon intimate terms, dropping in and out of the house when you might be away, fussing over me if I chanced to be feeling not quite myself? Would you?'

'I'd break his neck,' he replied fiercely.

'I'm sure you would. I should feel like that towards Samantha, and she, poor dear, would feel like that towards me.'

'I ain't goin' ter leave Spragge's Canyon.'

'But if it were to your real advantage to do so?—'

'It ain't.'

'Oh, George, you want me to be proud of you, surely?'

'Ain't you proud of me?'

That loosened her tongue. She had accomplished the first task. He was ripe for argument—willing, at any rate, to listen to what she wished to say, the words so diligently rehearsed, so purged of offence, so delicately incisive. She knew her powers of speech; and the effect of them upon a man of action could be measured.

'I'm immensely ambitious for you, George. I have only one fault to find in you. You are absurdly modest. You are quite unconscious of your own strength. Perhaps that is what attracted



you to me, a weak little girl. I have always longed for a man who could carry me to heights.'

The image was ill-chosen. George remembered the pinnacle and that perilous descent.

'Heights make you dizzy, Hazel.'

'Don't remind me of that! All the same, what you did captured me. Well, it is not enough to capture a woman. After you've got her, you have to keep her.'

'I kin keep you right enough, my pretty.'

Again his seizing the literal meaning disconcerted her.

'Keep my mind and soul, I mean.'

Was this a flight beyond him? Apparently not, for he answered soberly:

'I aim ter keep every bit of you.'

'How do you propose to do that?'

This flustered him, for he detected a derisive inflection, but he replied stoutly:

'When you was in my arms jest now, didn't they tell you how tight I should hold on to my wife?'

'That was physical. Your grip relaxed because a window slammed. Oh, George, we love each other in—in that sort of way because we're young, but what will keep us together when we're old?'

She hid her face on his shoulder, and immediately his arm stole round her waist. He whispered softly:

'I kin answer that, my sweet. Why did I love my old dog that died las' fall? He wan't no use after quails or ducks; he wan't good for nothing 'cept ter lie around in the sun; but the mem'ry of what that thar old dog used ter be, the times we jest hed together when he was young and sry,—that keeps my heart still warm for him. And it'll be the same with us, Hazel. I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me.'

His simple honesty baffled her. And it is fair to add that it appealed to her enormously. She knew that this man would not change. He would love faithfully to the end. And this knowledge tickled her vanity, because she told herself that other girls of her acquaintance would not have recognised so swiftly this great attribute of fidelity and loyalty.

She assailed him again.

'I told you that this ranch was too small for you. I meant

it. I want you to take your right place amongst the men of the West, the men who are making history, and building up this splendid State.'

'Ain't I helpin' ter do that?'

'Of course. I'm not belittling what you've done, dear. But I should be miserable if I thought you were going to stop growing. Because you have done much, and done it well, I ask you to go on and do more—and more.'

'As how?'

Fluently, but restraining her own eagerness, she outlined her plans; the buying of an interest in some business which his special knowledge would expand, a wider intercourse with men like himself strong of body, and stronger still of purpose, the gradual emancipation of a mind still hampered by the fetters of an insufficient education, the steady climbing, higher and ever higher, of one who had shewn that he could walk with unfaltering courage where others dared not tread.

He listened patiently, making no comment whatever till she had finished. He was not aware, of course, that many of her phrases, and these not the least convincing, had been borrowed from an eminent publicist who had lectured in Oakland, and elsewhere, upon 'Growth.' In a general way, he accepted what she said as true; not for an instant did he suspect that at heart she was more concerned with her future than his; he was overwhelmed by her cleverness. And yet, he remained of the opinion that he, personally, would attain his full growth in Spragge's Canyon, and nowhere else.

As Hazel finished speaking, the moon swam into view above the hills to the east of the ranch-house. George muttered something. It will be remembered that during the afternoon he had crossed the fresh trail of a buck; and he had satisfied himself that the beast was lying in some thick brush not far from a small spring. He had walked to the spring, finding, as he had expected, more sign. Nobody knew better than George what deer would do under certain conditions. Given a very hot afternoon, a stag, with the velvet still on his horns, would seek the thickest chaparral and lie down. He would begin to feed when the moon rose, and would stray nearer and nearer to his accustomed drinking-place. George had intended to reach the spring before the moon rose, because the stag, if irritated by flies, would drink before feeding.

Moreover, it was quite possible that the wary creature might

detect the taint of man when it reached the spring. In that case, it would snuff about cautiously, and then trot off. Weeks might elapse before it would return to the same spot.

Let it be recorded, also, that George's failure to procure venison for Hazel had stimulated unduly the *ardor venatoris*. Mrs. Spragge had teased him a little, accusing him of falling asleep. When he beheld the moon, George thought of the stag. Also, he wanted to escape from Hazel's words, which buzzed like angry bees in his head. He told himself that he would be able to think things out in the hills. Yes, he must tear himself from this beguiling, sweet-voiced maiden, and at once.

He said abruptly :

' Say, let's go to bed.'

Hazel was astonished. Pride, however, assured her that no offence was intended. She rose up.

' You heard what I said, George ?'

' You bet. Mebbe yer right ; mebbe yer wrong. Anyways I've got to think it out by my lonely. I've got the hull night to think ; I shan't sleep any ; I'll jest be wrastlin' with yer idees. Ye never expected an answer ter-night, did ye ?'

' N-n-no.'

' Good.'

Then he kissed her masterfully, but she experienced none of the sweet thrilling emotions of the first embrace. The maiden had grown cold. She realised that he had accepted her surrender as unconditional. She disengaged herself, murmuring something about the moon, and Samantha's window. George respected these reasons as valid, and all the time he was thinking : ' I've got my darling, and I'll get that buck—*sure* ! It's my night out !'

As Hazel slipped from his arms, after a last kiss, she said :

' Don't tell your mother till to-morrow.'

' Right.'

In silence, they entered the house together. A small lamp was burning on the landing. George looked into the kitchen as Hazel ascended the stairs. The kitchen was dark ; Mrs. Spragge, evidently, had gone to bed. George glanced at Hazel's slender figure as she tripped lightly up the creaking stairs. When she reached the landing, he kissed his hand. She smiled, blew a kiss to him, and entered her room.

She was sensible, as she found herself alone, that this memorable evening had come to an abrupt and unsatisfactory close. When

the moon rose, at the very instant that she stopped speaking, George had muttered 'Gee!' Hazel was quite sure that her words had not provoked this familiar exclamation. Something else had challenged George's attention.

What?

She went to the window, and sat down. George was in his den below. She could hear him striking a match, hear him moving about. He moved quickly, as if he was in a hurry. Within a minute he left his room, but Hazel's sharp ears failed to catch the click of a turning key. He went into the kitchen. Upon the landing was a small window facing east. Hazel's room faced west. The girl stole on to the landing, slipping silently to the window. Between the back door and the barn was an open space, white in the strong moonlight. She could see George crossing this bit of ground. He was carrying his rifle and he walked with the even stride of a man who has a definite object in view. Hazel returned to her room.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CROTALUS HORRIDUS.

#### I.

HAZEL was very intelligent—in *streaks*. She had, indeed, a happy knack of doing and saying the real right thing, a knack almost perfected by much practice. At the same time it must be admitted that her perceptive faculties manifested themselves obviously and under normal and commonplace conditions. The true, perhaps the only, test of the highest intelligence is afforded when conditions are abnormal and unexpected. Upon such occasions Hazel behaved foolishly.

At this crisis in her life, she was absurdly and unreasonably upset because mystery presented itself. As a child she had been afraid of darkness; she could not sleep unless a night-light burned in her bedroom. Moreover, during those impressionable years between leaving school and meeting George Spragge she had been accustomed to gratify every reasonable and many unreasonable fancies, and being an orphan with sufficient money of her own, she was able to do what she wanted without consulting anybody other than a meek and complaisant aunt. Let it be premised,

also, that a woman's sense of honour (and humour) may be as sensitive as a man's and yet differ from it very materially.

After seeing George sally forth furtively armed with a rifle, Hazel fell an easy prey to a perfervid imagination. She could have told you, with surprising cleverness, what Wilbur Stocker would or would not do under certain given conditions. She could 'size up' such a man as Clinton Tarrant, a more complex personality than Wilbur. But George still remained an unknown quantity. Herein lay fascination and fear.

It is fatuous to argue that she ought to have discovered within a few hours of making his acquaintance George's essential honesty, his ingenuous sincerity, his artless incapacity for all such tricks as distinguished Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee.

Any girl, solidly intelligent, would have done so.

In Oakland, let it be added, poverty was not held to be a synonym for honesty. Poor and dishonest had become a *cliché*. Poverty, in the West, is regarded as such a disability, such a stigma, that one is tempted to affirm positively that a successful train-robber is less of a discredit to the Golden State than a 'poor white.' Hazel, moreover, had been taught to look upon squatters as poor whites. When she realised that the Spragges were squatters, she jumped to the conclusion that they must necessarily be poor, and if poor probably dishonest. When, further, she discovered that the Spragges were not poor, but, in their way, exceedingly prosperous, she wondered how such prosperity had come about. All her friends made money, or lost money; they never grew rich by saving. In short, George—and probably his father before him—must be engaged in some secret and illicit business!

She began to undress.

Although no pledges had been exchanged, she knew that she ought to regard herself as George's promised wife. As such George had agreed to share his secrets with her.

Logically, there must be secrets.

Unhappily, carried away by emotion she had allowed her lover to embrace her ardently, returning his embraces, without first learning the nature of those secrets. In cold blood—and as she sat alone in her room her blood was cool—she felt that George had taken advantage of a loving girl. She admitted candidly that George and she were 'engaged,' and yet a secret stood between them which might nullify that engagement, and make marriage impossible.

On the morrow, also, George might declare obstinately his intention to remain in Spragge's Canyon. If so, what would she do ?

Revolving this problem, her heart beat faster ; her blood grew warm again. Undeniably she wanted George more than ever. And, supposing that he refused to cut loose from this hateful ranch, she possessed sufficient self-confidence to believe that ultimately she would triumph over his obstinacy. In short, nothing stood between her and her life's work but a green box, which lay downstairs in an unlocked room !

The house was quiet. Mrs. Spragge had fallen asleep, for Hazel could hear her heavy breathing. From Samantha's room came no such reassuring sound. Samantha, probably, lay awake, with nerves on edge. Samantha had sharp ears, and the wooden stairs creaked.

Hazel got into bed.

It is significant that she did not say her prayers, although she brushed her hair as carefully as usual. Between her room and Samantha's was a thin partition of wood, canvassed and painted. Hazel closed her eyes in the hope that hearing might become more acute.

Yes ; Samantha was awake, and weeping. Stifled sobs penetrated through the partition.

Hazel felt sincerely sorry for her. At the same time, with her lofty ideal of what a Woman of the West ought to be, she could not escape the conclusion that Samantha lacked proper pride. A decent girl with a trained sense of obligation to her country and herself would not fall desperately in love with a man unless she had reason to believe that such love was returned. The corollary of this self-evident proposition struck her with unpleasing force. Had there been love passages between George and Samantha ? She ought to have asked that question when Samantha's window slammed. Why didn't she ?

Samantha was a decent girl. Had George tampered with this ingenuous and affectionate creature ?

These questions were corroding. They ate insidiously into a self-respect dependent upon circumstances and surroundings rather than force of character. It may sound absurd, but in Oakland, within an easy walk of the First Presbyterian Church, Hazel would have resisted valiantly the temptation to sneak down creaking stairs and examine a green box belonging to

somebody else. In this wild Canyon, away from Auntie mine, thrown upon her own resources, she salved a too sensitive conscience with the reflection that the end—a proper understanding of George—justified the means.

For an hour at least civil war raged within her.

## II.

Opportunity ended the conflict. Samantha, wearied by too much weeping, fell asleep. Hazel could hear her breathing 'deep if not good.' George, of course, might return at any moment. If she intended to clear up this ridiculous and exasperating mystery she must act at once, and lay aside for the first time in her life maidenly delicacy and fear.

She was trembling as she slipped out of bed.

Fortunately the moon was now shining brightly. It would not be necessary to light a candle. The night was very warm, almost stiflingly so. Hazel put on a thin silk dressing-gown. Her slippers were ornamental, embellished by high heels. She decided to walk barefoot.

She opened her bedroom door, pausing to listen with her pretty head on one side. Mrs. Spragge's heavy breathing purred on comfortably. Samantha, seemingly, slept as soundly.

Hazel descended the stairs.

In the small narrow hallway below, she paused again. Fear left her; excitement usurped its place. After all, this was an adventure, and she began to taste its sweets.

One little—peek!

The rusty key was in the lock. Hazel turned the handle of the door. It opened easily and silently. She entered. The moonlight was so strong that every object in George's den became clearly defined. Hazel closed the door.

She stood in the centre of the room, looking about her. The window, she noticed, was shut, which accounted for an oppressive warmth. For several hours during the afternoon the sun must have shone full upon it. Her nostrils were assailed by that odd musty odour—at once familiar and yet unfamiliar.

Her first glance over this den, upon the day after she came to the Canyon, had been fleeting and unsatisfactory. Much may be gleaned from the careful inspection of a room; and Hazel fully intended to harvest all that was possible.



Upon the table were jars and old cracker tins pierced with holes. Hazel was not interested in these. The jars held live frogs. The collecting of frogs might indicate a harmless interest in natural history. Coloured plates, illustrating birds and eggs, hung above the mantelshef. In a corner of the room was a shot-gun, well-polished outside. In another corner were fishing-poles, a gaff, and a landing-net. Fishing-gear lay upon two chairs. The floor was encumbered with traps for small animals, gum-boots, and boxes of cartridges. The bureau alone seemed to be kept in order. It was open, and Hazel beheld pigeon-holes filled with neatly docketed bills and papers, a ledger and small cash-book, pens, ink, and paper. Obviously, in business matters, George was methodical. Another chair stood near the table. Thrown across the back of it was the gunny-sack which George took into the brush hills. The forked stick and a pair of wooden pincers challenged her attention. Beside these lay a thick leather gauntlet.

The long green box stood upon the floor, between the table and the window. Hazel decided that it was not a Wells Fargo box. Nevertheless, it must have been designed to hold something of value. Had she examined the two ends, which she did not, she would have seen that they were perforated with many small holes, and this might, or might not, have afforded a clue. Hazel's attention was concentrated upon the lid. It seemed to be made in three parts, but only the middle part had hinges. The lid, indeed, appeared to be unduly small. It was fastened by a padlock, which hung open from a steel staple.

Hazel lifted the lid.

The box was empty.

She could not help laughing. What a sell !

### III.

By this time, she had decided rightly that the box was intended to carry small animals, possibly some rare specimen of otter or fox. It smelled evilly.

She decided to abandon a futile quest. The atmosphere of the room was stifling. Yes ; George was collecting some rare species of animal. But why make a mystery of that ? Once more curiosity ravaged her. Why did he take a rifle into the hills—at night ?

There must be—there was !—something secret.

She glanced about her even more attentively, checking each object. To the right of the door was an old packing-case, four times the size of the green box.

This was George's cunningly constructed tank for live rattle-snakes. When he first began to add to his income by collecting these reptiles, this tank used to stand in one of the sheds near the barn. Twice the reptiles had escaped—once through misadventure, another time through malice. Upon the first occasion a tragedy might have taken place, for a child playing about the shed had opened the sliding panel at the side of the tank. When a rattler wriggled out, the child scampered off, terrified. The snakes vanished; the child made confession. Upon the second occasion, some enemy, possibly a disgruntled 'greaser' sacked for indolence, had kicked in the panel, which, after the child had tampered with it, was kept padlocked. George, much incensed, decided to keep the tank in his den. Mrs. Spragge and Samantha raised no objections. They were accustomed to rattlers, and not afraid of them. Also, the tank was so cleverly designed that the reptiles could never escape of their own volition.

A word about the tank.

It was lined on three sides and the bottom with sheet glass. The lid was double—the outer of wood, the inner of fly-proof wire-netting, such as is used in making meat-safes. In the daytime, George would leave the top lid open, closing it at night, because all snakes are susceptible to cold. The snakes which he captured in the brush hills were shaken out of the sack into the tank from the top. But when the prisoners had to be transferred from the tank to the green travelling-box more caution was observed. The fourth side of the tank was lined with zinc sheeting. Upon the level of the floor George had made a tiny sliding door, which had aroused the curiosity of the child. Pushing this open a couple of inches, and arousing the snakes inside by a sharp tap on the lid, a head would appear—to be deftly and gently seized by the wooden pincers. The wriggling reptile would then be dropped into the green box down a short length of stove-pipe.

Hazel stared at the tank, seeing only a strong packing-case, and wondering what it held. Then she approached it. Her bare foot was within a few inches of the sliding panel. The top of the tank was covered with grey blankets, such as Californians use when they go camping. She did not lift them, or touch them.

Standing there, wondering vaguely what this huge box might

contain, she felt rather ashamed of herself. Uneasiness of mind bred uneasiness of body. With her hand she touched the box, pushing it. It did not budge. At this moment, she saw the sliding panel, manipulated by a brass knob.

Why a sliding panel?

The padlock had been removed, because George kept his room locked.

Hazel's curiosity was becoming attenuated. She had just decided that she must wait till the morrow and learn George's secret from his own lips. Her interest in the sliding panel was not concerned with this secret. She would have described it as legitimate and intelligent. An unobservant person would never have noticed the sliding panel.

Tentatively, she pushed the brass knob with her foot, exercising little pressure, not wishing to open the panel, ready to return to her own room, and yet oddly sensible that something held her in this evil-smelling den.

The panel yielded.

As it slid back, she heard a faint rustling. And then a flat head glided through the small opening. Hazel sprang back, gazing at a snake, fascinated by horror. A second head appeared. She beheld lidless, baleful eyes, gleaming with opalescent light.

They were rattlesnakes.

A third head, moving more swiftly than the others, broke the spell of fascination. Too frightened as yet to scream, palsied in her mental activities—for she might have opened the door and escaped—Hazel sprang back, still staring at the reptiles. By this time the first snake had glided between her and the door. Choosing the wrong moment, Hazel tried to slip round it. Instantly it coiled and rattled. The girl had never heard this awe-inspiring sound, which struck terror to her inmost fibres. She sprang upon the chair near the table. Safe for the moment, her wits partially recovered. The other snakes coiled, and were rattling. Nine, in all, had escaped from the tank.

She began to feel faint and dizzy. The strong musty odour became overpowering. Sweat broke from every pore in her skin; her throat became parched; her fingers twitched. No such horror had ever attacked her before. She had not believed it possible that such horror could be—such disintegration of bodily and mental power. She knew nothing of the habits of rattlesnakes. She imagined—as many do—that they could move more

swiftly than a man can run ; probably they could climb trees—and chairs.

Dominating these thoughts was the memory of the children found dead by a distracted mother. She pictured their little bodies swollen and discoloured. She visualised once more the monstrous head of the colt.

What had she done during her innocent life that this hideous suffering should be imposed upon her ? For she was suffering actual pain. A rigor shook her, as a terrier shakes a rat. Her mind was in torment, a mind in thrall to a body not too strong and extremely sensitive to emotion of any kind. The deadly nausea increased ; the disgusting smell grew even stronger. The room, be it remembered, was as hot as an oven, a fact which accounted for the activity of the crotalines, normally passive or lethargic at such an hour. Hazel glanced at the window. Could she open it, and escape that way ? No ; already two of the snakes lay between her and it. Despairingly she realised that she dared not move.

Meanwhile they had ceased rattling, and silence became more oppressive than noise. Five were gliding hither and thither, searching—so Hazel concluded—for her ! If they raised their flat hideous heads they would see her.

A minute passed.

Childish rage against George possessed her. Why had he lured her into this den of serpents ? Well might he be ashamed of this horrible traffic in venomous reptiles !

She thought of Wilbur, asleep in his bed at Aguila. She thought of Mrs. Spragge and Samantha slumbering heavily upstairs.

Suppose she screamed ? What a relief ! What a balm ! But the terrible snakes, now mercifully unable to see her, would hear that scream and attack her before help could be rendered. She beheld herself wreathed with serpents, each awful beast with its fangs buried in her soft white flesh !

It was not yet eleven o'clock. Was she fated to stand upon this chair till George returned home ?

The conviction gathered strength that her physical powers were failing. The horrible nausea became more acute, the dizziness was overmastering her. On the cliff she would have reeled and fallen into the abyss below had she been alone. In a few minutes she would reel and fall from the chair.

With a tremendous effort she rallied her enfeebled energies. Snakes lay to right and left of the door, but the narrow path to

safety was clear for the moment. Had she known anything whatever of the habits of snakes, who, with rarest exception, never attack man, she would have descended quietly from the chair and walked as quietly to the door, being careful not to excite the reptiles by any violent movement. They would have wriggled away into corners.

She was wearing a long nightgown, and a wrapper with what is called a 'tail' to it. It did not occur to her to lift these clinging garments, so as to leave her limbs free. Instinct invited her to jump.

She might have armed herself with the forked stick, which lay close to the chair. The present writer remembers a piteous case of drowning. A strong swimmer became entangled in weeds. His intimate friend, who could not swim, waded within a few feet of the drowning man. Palsied by misery and impotence, he beheld his friend sink, and afterwards, close to the spot, he discovered a long pole!

Hazel jumped.

She landed upon the floor with a bang, plunged forward, tripped over her night-gear, and fell. A second later, she felt a sharp prick upon one of her bare feet.

She screamed.

#### IV.

Hazel's scream awoke Samantha, but for the moment she supposed that she was suffering from nightmare. She sat up in bed listening. The door of George's den slammed. And then she heard a soft dull thud. After that—silence.

Samantha, as we know, had cried herself to sleep. By an odd coincidence she too had left out her prayers. Hazel, possibly, forgot them; Samantha did not forget them. For many days, morning and evening, she had repeated her artless formula, entreating Omniscience fervently to save her George from a wretched marriage. To-night she abandoned faith in prayer because she was convinced that her passionate invocation had been ignored. She was still child enough to think that God was angry with her, child enough in her turn to be angry with God, and to withhold what she had been taught to believe was an act of allegiance to Him. Her heaven had fallen; she lay crushed beneath its ruins.

Her mind naturally dwelt upon this, as she sat up in her hard,

narrow bed, listening for George's step upon the stairs. He had come into the house with Hazel; and she knew that he had not gone to bed. Later, like Hazel, she had heard him moving about his den. When he went out through the kitchen she guessed that he was after venison for Hazel. The last straw! He could sacrifice his sleep for *her*.

Her first thought was that George had shot his fat buck. Probably he had packed home the haunches. He had done so before. Obviously, too, he would replace his rifle, and dump the venison on to the floor.

Nevertheless the bleak silence chilled her.

She got out of bed, still listening. She opened the door. The small lamp burned on the landing. She saw that Hazel's door was open, and a moment later she saw, also, that the guest-chamber was empty.

She jumped to the conclusion that Hazel must be with George, and her blood grew hot at the thought.

The silence became more bleak. By this time her mind was working with feverish activity. She decided that George had not returned. The scream, then, must have come from Hazel. She was downstairs—alone.

But what was she doing in George's room—the room that no woman entered, the Bluebeard's chamber which already had provoked curiosity and questions?

Suddenly, she divined the truth, or part of it. Instinct revealed it in a blinding, stunning flash. Hazel, knowing that George was in the hills, had gratified her curiosity, and something awful must have happened!

What?

She thought instantly of the snakes, the only source of real danger. For all she knew to the contrary, there might be two or three in the travelling-box. If Hazel lifted the lid, any snake inside would immediately attempt to escape. Many a time, she had watched George handling the reptiles, shutting the lid upon a wriggling head, which would then withdraw. Hazel, she decided, must have peeped into the green box; a snake had shewn itself; she had tried to shut the lid, and had been bitten. Then she had screamed. What would happen next? She would escape from the room, slamming the door. Safely outside, reaction must follow. Such a girl as Hazel would collapse into unconsciousness, not the result of the bite, but of terror and shattered nerves. Her prehensile



imagination grasped another fact. She was certain that Hazel lay senseless in the hallway below. And so she would go on lying while a subtle poison sped through her veins. Pain from the bite would come later. She remembered the endless talk about the Piker's children. There had been loose hay in the shed. Tumbling into it, they had disturbed a colony of rattlers. Each child had been bitten in several places. Death had come swiftly. All this was embodied in the coroner's verdict. But Hazel's case was different. Granting that she had been bitten once, probably in the hand, prompt treatment might save her life. First aid was simple. A ligature must be tightly bound above the puncture. The puncture ought to be freely lanced, and then sucked. This done, the issue lay with the nearest doctor and God!

Samantha began to tremble.

She had just passed through a heart-breaking experience which left her weak and despairing. She had seen the man she loved in the arms of a girl she hated; she had heard his first impassioned words. Till that poignant moment, she had hoped against hope that a union between two persons, likely to bring misery to each, would never take place. She had believed, poor creature, that her great love for George would prevail in the end, that he would come back to her, when this city madam revealed herself as she really was.

Remember that she was a child of the wilderness, trained by necessity to fight for her own hand, accustomed to and perhaps slightly hardened by the never-ending struggle of primitive existence, with none of that sentimental regard for the sanctity of life which distinguishes the civilised woman of cities. She killed creatures bred and nourished by her—chickens, ducks, turkeys; upon one horrid occasion she had slain a pig. George had been away from home; Mrs. Spragge and she, sorely against the grain, acted as butchers! Once, too, she had shot a horse, cruelly mutilated by barbed wire!

Temptation assailed her, as it had assailed Hazel, but with far intenser virulence. The city girl's upbringing, her over-stimulated intelligence and curiosity, incited her to meddle with matters that did not concern her. Samantha, on the other hand, ever since she was old enough to act, had been compelled to give her attention and intelligence to the simple tasks which engrossed her. She had no time to mind affairs other than her own. Temperamentally, also, she had no inclination. Live and let live is a law of the wild. Curiosity, in fine, is too dangerous an instinct to be gratified.



She told herself miserably that she did not *know* what had actually happened downstairs. Hazel, of her own free will, had chosen to pry into George's private affairs. Let her bear whatever punishment might be imposed !

She moved a couple of steps towards her room, and then paused again.

She was too honest to deceive herself. If she went back to bed, she would go with the deliberate intention of letting Hazel perish ! If Hazel were not bitten, if she had escaped injury, and had merely fainted from over-excitement, Samantha's resolution to leave her alone would remain for ever an indictment against common humanity, a fierce desire that a woman should die because another woman hated her.

Thus she faced the issues.

As yet no appreciable time had been wasted. Possibly half a minute might have passed since Samantha awoke.

'Let her die !' said Samantha.

She spoke in a whisper, but the sound of her own voice pronouncing sentence produced an amazing effect. For an illuminating instant, she became able to view herself with detachment. And then something within her answered :

'No.'

Such an instinct cannot be identified. It is generally irresistible, whether it be termed the still small voice of conscience, or the ineradicable habit of ministration. Samantha could sit up all night with a sick calf, and keep delicate young turkeys in her bedroom.

She sped downstairs.

In the silver moonlight lay a crumpled heap of what appeared to be shimmering silk.

(To be continued.)

## SIR ROBERT SALE AND JELLALABAD.

*To the Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE.*

SIR,—The exceedingly interesting study of 'The Illustrious Garrison,' contributed by Lieut.-Colonel MacMunn to the July number of the CORNHILL, has in my opinion one defect, in that it is not entirely just to that wonderfully gallant old soldier, Sir Robert Sale, whose fifty years of service, under four Sovereigns, were marked by a very legion of heroic exploits, and who had suffered many a wound ere the death-stroke at Moodkee, in 1845, ended an unblemished career in arms that had begun at the siege and storming of Seringapatam in 1799. However, the achievements of Sir Robert Sale, otherwise than in reference to Jellalabad, do not now concern us; and in that particular connection I propose to discuss two points only:

- (1) The circumstances in which Jellalabad was occupied.
- (2) Sale's subsequent conduct in reference to the question of evacuation.

It is perfectly true that when Sale decided to disobey the order recalling him to Kabul from Gundamuck, he was influenced to no small extent by the extreme difficulty of providing transport and security for the sick and wounded of his force, upwards of 300 in number. But there was a far weightier strategical reason which Lieut.-Colonel MacMunn has ignored. Captain Henry Havelock, the future Hero of Lucknow and at the time Sale's most intimate adviser, recommended his chief to occupy Jellalabad, because that place would furnish 'a well-defended fortress on which the Kabul garrison might retire, and would prove the *Key of Southern Afghanistan* if the Government should send means and reinforcements across the Khyber.' Havelock's opinion it was that prevailed, and who will venture to impeach the soundness of it? Sale was indeed a fighting-man rather than a strategist, but he had this great virtue, that he knew where to look for good advice, and was also willing to follow it. 'Fitness for command is shown by those who, having military brains of their own, know also how to use those of others.'

Sale's 'political' officer, Captain MacGregor, had received intelligence pointing to an early occupation of Jellalabad by the enemy, and, acting on the advice of Havelock, Sale determined to anticipate this move—with the most happy as well as glorious results. On November 14, 1841, Sale entered Jellalabad, having at the time supplies for only one and a-half days; and as early as

November 29, Havelock tells us that 'the chief cause of anxiety to Sir Robert Sale was the deficiency of ammunition, which a single prolonged engagement would go nigh to exhaust.' With such slender means at his disposal Sale held his post (living chiefly on supplies captured from the enemy, by means of brilliantly conducted sorties) until April 7, 1842, when, believing the relieving army to have been defeated, the 'Illustrious Garrison' sallied forth in its full strength, leaving camp-followers to make a show on the walls, and decisively defeating the Afghan army compelled it to raise the siege. When Lieut.-Colonel MacMunn suggests that the defence lacked general activity, he would appear to have overlooked the shortage of ammunition, and the consequent need to restrict its avoidable expenditure. We will now pass to the question of evacuation.

On January 13, 1842, the day on which Dr. Brydon, 'The Remnant of an Army,' reached Jellalabad, Broadfoot and Havelock jointly advised Sir Robert Sale, 'if he was not prepared to defend Jellalabad to extremity to retreat that night while it was still possible.' Sale chose the former alternative, and reported his decision to the Commander-in-Chief in India.

Writing to Sir Harry Smith on January 25 (the day previous to the order for the assembly of the Council of War which decided on evacuation) Havelock expressed his view of the situation as follows:

'The heart of our garrison is good . . . . We are ready to fight either in the open field, or behind our walls, or both. But in March we shall have famine staring us in the face, and probably disease assailing us. Our position therefore is most critical; but there is not, I trust, an ounce of despondency among us.'

Captain MacGregor, Sale's 'political' adviser and *de facto* master, proved to him subsequently to January 13, by means of official correspondence, that the prospects of relief were exceedingly poor, since the Governor-General, 'instead of ordering troops and guns to the scene of danger with energy and promptitude, dwelt only on the idea of withdrawing from Afghanistan with the smallest amount of danger.' Moreover, Captain MacGregor very practically demonstrated his personal confidence in the treaty he proposed to conclude, by offering himself for one of the four 'hostages' demanded of the British. 'Captain MacGregor also took a high hand with the Council of War ("Our Jackdaw Parliament," as Havelock irreverently styled it), stating that although he invited their opinions he 'reserved his right to act as he thought fit'—i.e. by virtue of his authority as representing the Indian Government to order compliance with his decision.

Briefly, then, the resulting situation to be considered by Sir Robert Sale was this: By bowing to the apparently inevitable, without further delay, he might probably succeed in saving the

bulk of his force; but by continuing to hold Jellalabad he must not only incur very grave risk of entire destruction, but also set at defiance the decision of his political adviser.

Confronted by such a dilemma, the wonder is not that Sale should have at first yielded to Captain MacGregor, but that he should have so speedily recovered his resolution to face the worst. I refuse to admit that Sale is deserving of the reproach cast upon him by Lieut.-Colonel MacMunn, that he was 'quite unfit for supreme command.' Had the 'Memoirs' of Havelock and Broadfoot been autobiographies, Sale's reputation would, I feel sure, have been greatly advantaged; the biographers in their zeal for their respective heroes, did not fail to exalt them at the expense of their chief.

When I joined the 1st Batt. 13th Light Infantry in 1875, there was still serving in it one who was not only a surviving hero of Jellalabad, but who had actually taken part in the storming of Ghuznee in 1839—Captain Griffin, the Quartermaster, familiarly known among his brother officers as 'Old Gruffles,' a fine old soldier of the very best type. Still green was then the memory of Bugler Wilson, of Ghuznee fame. At the critical moment, 'by some mistake' (alleged to have resulted from the despondency of a staff officer), the 'Retire' was sounded; but Bugler Wilson, instead of repeating the call, as in duty bound by rule, instantly blew the 'Advance' followed by the 'Double.' Then Sale's reserve column of assault, composed of the 13th and other troops, which had been impatiently awaiting the order to advance, dashed forward like a mighty wave, and speeding through the hitherto unsuccessful 'Forlorn Hope' on the breach, swept triumphantly into the fortress—thus vindicating the glorious disobedience of a right gallant boy.

Bugler Wilson's son was afterwards a bugler in the regiment; he was a boy of sixteen when we entered upon the Sekukuni and Zulu campaigns of 1878-1879, and many a mile he rode my pony on the march. The Thirteenth has always had, and still has, serving in it men whose fathers served in it before them.

WINGFIELD, GODALMING: I am, Sir, &c.  
July 3, 1914.

A. W. A. POLLOCK, *Lieut.-Colonel.*

P.S.—A characteristic story of Sale at Ghuznee is worth adding. Havelock, who was on the staff of Sir John Keene, had been sent forward to ascertain how the storming was progressing, and entering the gate saw Colonel Sale on the ground, struggling with an Afghan. At that instant Sale addressed Captain Kershaw, whom he saw approaching, requesting that he should 'do him the favour of passing his sword through the body of the infidel.' Apparently Sir Robert Sale added a calm politeness to the number of his other virtues.

